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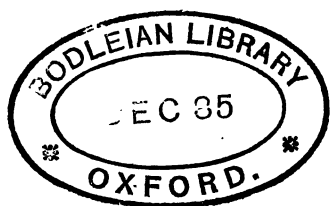
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THE "Third Reading Book" contains a *series* of graduated reading lessons, suitable for children who can read, with some fluency, the lessons of the *Second Book*.

It is believed by the Editor, that, in the majority of cases, the exercises in reading which these two Books contain, will be sufficient to enable children to read, with interest and profit, the more advanced lessons of the Fourth Book and its Supplements, which will embrace a comprehensive course of useful, practical instruction.

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# THIRD READING BOOK.



## SCHOOL LESSONS.

A FEW words with you, my young reader, before beginning this Third Book of Reading Lessons. You now begin, I hope, to feel some pleasure in learning, and to see some use in what you have been taught; and you no doubt wish, therefore, to acquire still greater knowledge. It was not much that you were able to learn a year or two ago; for until you could read, it was not possible for you to learn much on any subject. But yet I daresay you have learnt to do something more than read. Let me guess.—Have you learnt to spell? I hope so; for if you cannot spell words rightly, your writing will be of little use, for no one will be able to understand the words you write if you do not spell them in the proper way. Have you learnt your tables? I hope so too; for if you do not know them, you will never be able to do your sums correctly. I hope, too, you have learnt most of the verses by heart which are in your “Second Reading Book,” and that you can repeat them without mistake, whenever you are called upon to do so. And I daresay you have begun to learn to write, either on your slate or in your copy-book, and do easy sums without difficulty. Now, I think I have mentioned nearly all that you have learnt since you first came to school. Am I not right?

Well, then, let us talk next of what you have to learn in future. You have learnt to read, but it is in order that you may learn many more things. First, you have still to learn Spelling, for there are a great many long and difficult words in the language which you have perhaps never yet seen. And you can use the Arithmetic-Book now, which will show you how to do your sums, and which has plenty of sums in it for you to work. But there are other subjects which you must begin to study, as soon as you are able. You must learn Grammar, in order that you may know, not only how to spell words correctly, but how to use them correctly. You must learn Geography, in order that you may know what the world is like, and where all the different countries are of which you hear or read. And you must read History, in order that you may know the events which have taken place in this and other countries, in the years long since gone by. Now, you could not learn any of these things if you had not first learnt to read. You see, then, how useful your first lessons may be to you ; and the lessons to come will be of still greater use, if you take pains, and try to do well whatever you are told to do. You feel some pleasure, I hope, at being able now to begin this "Third Reading Book ;" and I am sure you will feel more pleasure still when you have finished it ; for if you pay attention as you should do, you will then be able to read almost any book with ease and profit, whether it is a book of Lessons, or Geography, or History, or some pretty tale, or a description of the strange things and sights in foreign lands. Learning is no hard task, when you really wish to get on. A good boy or girl at school is always pleased and happy, and besides being pleased, gives pleasure also to teacher as well as to father and mother. If you, my young reader, are one of this sort, you will determine,

from this moment, to try with all your might and be at all times attentive and obedient.

---

## HONOUR AND HONESTY.

A BAKER was once going through the streets of a large town, with a basket full of cakes upon his head. As he went hastily along, he let some of the cakes fall; but he neither saw nor knew that they had fallen. Now, a little boy, called Colin, was walking along the same street, not far behind the baker; and when he saw the cakes fall, he ran and picked them all up, and then made after the baker, and gave them back to him. "Thank you, my young friend," said the baker; "but were you not tempted to eat the cakes?"—"Oh, that would have been very wrong," said the boy; "the cakes are yours; and I have no right to take that which does not belong to me."—"You are a good boy," said the baker; "you have done quite right in bringing them to me; and as you have been honest, I shall be pleased if you accept two for a reward." Colin thanked him, and took the cakes; and then hurried off to share his feast with his little brother, as any kind-hearted boy would be sure to do in such a case.

Now the baker, as he went on his rounds, let some more cakes fall out of his basket; for he had filled it too full that morning. And another boy, called Stephen, when he saw them fall, ran and picked them up. But this boy was not honest like the other; for, instead of taking them to the man as he should have done, he began to eat them greedily. As the baker was going back, he caught this boy with a cake in each hand, and said to him, "My boy, who gave you those cakes?"—"Oh, I found them," re-

plied the young glutton, "and so, of course, I shall eat them."—"But they belong to me," replied the baker, "and you ought to have told me when you saw them fall, or to have brought them to me yourself; so now, as you have acted like a little thief, I shall punish you severely." So saying, the baker took his basket from his head, and setting it down, ran after the little boy, who was running away from him, and when he had caught him, he gave him a good beating.

The cries which poor Stephen then uttered were frightful; and when his father heard them, he hastened out to see what was the matter with him. But when the baker told him why he had been beating him, he said the baker had done quite right; and then he paid him for all the cakes his son had eaten; and, taking Stephen into the house, whipped him again for his dishonest and disgraceful conduct. Let us, then, always act like Colin, and not like Stephen; for we have no right to touch anything without leave which belongs to another person. Honesty, too, is the best policy, as these two boys found out; and lies and dishonesty are sure to be found out at last.

---

## THE WOODCUTTER'S EVENING SONG.

WELCOME, large and ruddy sun,  
Dropping lowly in the west;  
Now my hard day's work is done,  
I'm as happy as the best.

Joyful are the thoughts of home,  
Now I'm ready for my chair;  
So, till to-morrow morning's come,  
Axe and wedges, lie ye there.

Though to leave your pretty song,  
Little birds, it gives me pain ;  
Yet, to-morrow is not long,  
Then I'm with you all again.

If I stop, and stand about,  
Well I know how things will be ;  
Judy will be looking out  
Every now and then for me.

So, fare-ye-well ! and hold your tongues ;  
Sing no more until I come ;  
They 're not worthy of your songs,  
That never care to drop a crumb.

All day long I love the oaks ;  
But, at nights, yon little cot,  
Where I see the chimney smokes,  
Is by far the prettiest spot.

Wife and children all are there,  
To receive with pleasant looks,  
Table ready set, and chair—  
Supper hanging on the hooks.

Soon as ever I get in,  
And my faggot down I throw,  
Little prattles will begin ;  
Baby, too, to laugh and crow.

---

## COTTON AND LINEN.

THAT useful article cotton, is produced from the cotton-plant, or shrub, which is found in many different parts of the world, but chiefly in America. The seeds are contained

in a kind of shell, or husk ; and this shell, or husk, is packed quite full of a white downy substance, just like the cotton wadding which is used by the dressmaker, or which is sometimes put into our ears when we have a bad earache. Cotton is grown in great quantities in the large cotton plantations of America ; and it is also grown in India, China, Africa, and in most of the islands in the Pacific Ocean. It is cultivated, too, in the warm parts of Australia, and in the Fiji Islands. And in all these countries the people make it into cloth, which supplies them with stuff for the clothes they wear. But much has to be done to the cotton before it can be of use for any purpose of this kind. Look at the soft fibres as they appear in the cotton wadding, and you will see that they have no strength while they are separate from one another. So they have to be pulled out, and a number of them spun together into a thread. In olden days this used to be done by hand ; and the old spinning-machine consisted of a distaff and a spindle. The raw cotton was wound round the distaff, and one end of it was fastened to the spindle, which hung down and twirled round, and so twisted the thread as it passed through the fingers of the spinner. But now all the spinning is effected by large machines, in which a number of spindles revolve together ; and the work is done with wonderful speed. The next process is called weaving. This is done in a loom, in which a great number of threads are stretched out side by side, as wide as the piece of cloth is intended to be. These threads form what is called the warp ; and they are so arranged that the alternate threads can be first raised and then lowered continually, and, at each of these movements, another thread is thrown through by means of a shuttle, and passes over the first and under the second, and so on, right across the piece. These looms used also to be

worked by hand, but they are now generally moved by large steam-engines, so that the work is done very much faster; and that is why cotton cloth is now so much cheaper than it was before the invention of the steam-engine. When the cotton is thus woven, the fabric, or substance which has been manufactured, is called Calico; and this has to be bleached, that it may look nice and white. It is bleached by steeping it in a mixture of a kind of lime and water; and it is then ready for printing. By printing, I mean putting upon it the pretty coloured patterns such as are upon your frocks, or on the gowns which your mothers wear. It would be difficult to explain to you how this printing is done; but the contrivances for the purpose are very clever, as I am sure you must think they are, when you look at the pretty patterns upon your clothes.

The fabric called linen is much stronger, and sometimes much whiter than cotton. It is obtained from the flax-plant, which is cultivated in England and Ireland, and also in Holland and Prussia; but most of all in Russia. It will grow in any mild climate, such as New Zealand and Australia; but it requires a rich soil, and a good deal of care while it is growing. The seed is sown in the spring, and the crop is ready to be gathered in the autumn. A large field of flax in blossom is a very pretty sight; for the flowers are of a bright blue colour, and the whole field seems to be of that hue. The fibre from which the linen is made grows in the stalks of the flax-plant. So, when they are ripe, these stalks must be carefully pulled up, and laid out on the ground to dry; after which they are put into a stack for a time. The next thing to be done to them is to steep them in water, so as to rot away everything except the fine long fibres. Then these fibres are passed

through a mill, to clean them and prepare them for being spun into yarn. The spinning and weaving of linen is done in the same way as the spinning and weaving of cotton. Besides the fibre of the flax-plant, its seeds are of much value, as they yield a large quantity of oil when they are squeezed, or pressed. This is called linseed oil, and is used to mix with paint, and for many other purposes. The oil-cake, which is left after all the oil has been pressed out, is used in many countries to fatten sheep and cattle.

There are other plants which yield fibres like those of the flax-plant; but most of these fibres are of a coarser kind. For instance, there is hemp, which is also grown largely in Russia, much in the same way as flax. There is Manilla hemp, which comes from a kind of plantain-tree grown in the Philippine Islands; and there are also China-grass, and Indian-jute, and the *Phormium tenax* of New Zealand.

---

### THE RATS. (*A Fable.*)

IN a large house in the country, which had been built a great many years ago, there were so many rats, that the people who lived there were not able to keep anything from their greedy mouths. If they hung their flitches of bacon against the walls ever so high, the rats would climb the walls. If they hung their cheeses from the ceiling, they found some way to get at them. They burrowed under the walls of the store-room to get at the jams and pastry; gnawed through the doors of the cupboards; undermined the floors and the chimney-hearths; and made such a noise in the night, running races, as it seemed, behind the lining of the rooms, that the people could hardly

•

get to sleep. The cats, it is true, caught one now and then ; but that did not thin their numbers, for they made nests and bred young ones.

The people put poison in their way, but they were much too cunning to be deceived by it ; and they set traps, but the rats soon found out what they were for. One day, however, a young rat was caught alive in one of the traps, and the people of the house thought they would try a new plan. So they fastened a collar, with a small bell upon it, round the prisoner's neck, and then set him free, and let him run back to his hole.

This rat was so pleased to feel himself free once more, that he scampered off to find the other rats ; but, before he could reach them, they heard the tinkle of the bell. They could not tell what it was, and were so alarmed, that they did not wait to see ; but off they ran, some this way and some that, in order that they might get out of the way. The rat with the bell ran after them, but whichever way he went, it was all the same ; his bell caused them so much fright, that not one would stop till he came up. When he saw how it was, he at first rather liked the fun, and chased his old friends from hole to hole, and from room to room, till there was not a tail of one of them to be seen. So he very soon had the whole house to himself ; and then he was pleased, and thought to himself, "the fewer the better cheer ;" and he set to work to eat all the good things, and stuffed and stuffed till he could hardly walk.

For two or three days he liked this life very much. He ate as much as he could ; and, if any of his old friends returned near, he had only to shake the bell, and it was off immediately. But in a short time he grew tired of being quite alone, and wished to mix with his brother rats, as he

had done before. But how was this to be done? He tried to get the bell from off his neck : but all his efforts were in vain. He pulled and tugged with his fore feet, and nearly wore the skin off his neck, in his frequent attempts to tear off the collar. The bell, which had pleased him so much at first, became now his plague and his torment. He was quite weary of being all alone. He walked about from room to room, looked into every hole and corner, hoping to find one of his companions, through whom he might let the rest know that it was only a bell which had frightened them ; but they all kept out of his reach, and at last, whilst he was moping about in this unhappy state, a cat pounced upon him and killed him.

If we have good friends, as most of us have, let us take care we do not drive them from us by unkind or foolish conduct. No one would be happy in this world if he lived a selfish life all by himself. If we had all the good things that money could procure, we could not enjoy them without friends to share them with us. If we laugh at the alarms or troubles of others, we have no right to complain if we are left to bear our own sorrows, without the aid or sympathy of others. Such are a few of the useful lessons we may learn from the fable of "The Rats."

---

### THE CHILD'S SUMMER WISH.

MOTHER, mother, the winds are at play ;  
Prithee, let me be idle to-day.  
Look, dear mother, the flowers all lie  
Languidly under the bright blue sky.

See how slowly the streamlet glides !  
Look how the violet roguishly hides !  
Even the butterfly rests on the rose,  
And scarcely sips the sweets as he goes.

Poor Tray is asleep in the noon-day sun,  
And the flies go about him one by one ;  
And Pussy sits near, with a sleepy grace,  
Without ever thinking of washing her face.  
There flies a bird to a neighbouring tree,  
But very lazily flieth he ;  
And he sits and twitters a gentle note,  
That scarcely ruffles his little throat.

You bid me be busy ; but, mother, hear  
How the humdrum grasshopper soundeth near ;  
And the soft west wind is so light in his play,  
It scarcely moves a leaf on the spray.  
I wish, oh, I wish I was yonder cloud,  
That sails about in its misty shroud ;  
Books and work I no more should see,  
And I'd come and float, dear mother, o'er thee.

---

## THE LION.

THE lion is called the King of the Beasts, because he is very strong and fierce, and can kill almost every animal he meets with. In some respects he is like the tiger ; his foot is very much the same, and is very soft at the bottom, so that he can creep forward without being heard ; and that is the way he tries to catch his prey. He sleeps almost all day, and goes out at night to get his food. When he is hungry, he is very fierce ; and when he jumps on his

prey, he makes a terrible roar, which frightens every animal that is near. But he has been known to let people pass him by day, without hurting them, when he was not hungry. His legs are very strong, and his feet have the same number of toes, and the same kind of claws, as the tiger, so that he can kill his prey at one blow. He can rip up the whole side of a horse by one stroke, when he is angry ; but when he is not angry, and is playing with his cubs, as the little lions are called, he does not put out his talons, and his foot is then soft like that of a cat, and does not hurt the little cubs at all.

The lion is not striped like the tiger, but is all over of the same colour,—a kind of reddish-brown, which is usually called tawny ; but the colour is rather lighter on the belly than on the back. He has a long mane on his neck and shoulders, which he raises up when he is angry ; and this makes him look very fierce. The lioness, or female lion, has no mane, and looks very different from the male. She takes great care of her young ones, and will go through great danger either to procure food for them or to defend them when they are attacked. Lions are found in Africa and Asia ; but most frequently in Africa.

A lion may be easily tamed if taken young ; and they often grow very fond of their keepers. I have seen a keeper go into a cage with a lion, and play with him ; and the lion did what the keeper told him to do. He will remember for many years those who have been kind to him, and so he will those who have treated him ill. A few years ago some cruel people set a number of dogs upon a lion to fight with him ; and though the lion drove all the dogs away, and nearly killed them, he did not forgive the chief instigator ; for when he saw him a short time afterwards, he tried to seize him, and, putting his paw through

the bars of his den, tore his coat, though he could not reach his body to hurt him.

When the lion is wild, it is very difficult to kill him. This is the way they hunt lions in some parts of Africa. When they have found out where a lion is, they set dogs upon him to rouse him ; and when he rises from the place where he has been lying, which is called his lair, they march forward, and shoot one by one at him. If he does not fall immediately, they place themselves in a circle, and stand by their horses, some holding them by the bridle, and others firing at him under the horses. But people do not go out to hunt a lion in this way unless they can shoot well, and are nearly sure of killing him as he comes forward ; for if they do not, he is quite sure of killing them, as when he draws near, the horses will not stand still, and it is very difficult to escape. So that people who hunt lions in this way, run a great risk of being killed themselves.

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## THE ELEPHANT.

THE elephant is one of the strangest of all the animals in the world. It is very large and strong ; and, instead of a nose, it has a long trunk, which is many feet in length ; and with this it can pick up anything as small as a nut. When they are tamed they are very gentle, and can understand what is said to them as well as, or better than, any dog or horse can understand. I will tell you a story about one of those big creatures. It was taken round one of the countries of Europe, along with many other wild beasts, by a man who had a wild-beast show for the people to go and see. They paid sixpence to get in, and then they could

see all the strange collection. There was a lion, and a bear, and a tiger, and a large snake curled up in a box ; but the grand sight of all was the large elephant. His back was higher than the tallest man in the crowd, and he was as strong as any six horses. When the man told him to kneel down he did so directly, and let any one who wished get upon his back ; and then he would get up and carry his burden round the yard. He could do many strange things ; he could even put the end of his great trunk into his master's waistcoat pocket, and take out a sixpenny piece which was in it. He would take a penny, too, gently, out of the hand of any one, and then take it to a man who stood by with a basket of cakes and buns to sell. The man would take the penny, and the elephant would take out a cake from the basket with his trunk, and put it into his own huge mouth, and then hold out his trunk to the people for more pennies. But elephants do not always feast on cakes and buns. When they are wild they go about in large herds, and, by means of their trunks, eat the grass and the leaves of trees, like cows and goats. Our friend in the show was not fed in this way ; but his master gave him plenty of hay, and turnips, and other things ; and the people who came to see him liked to give him food too, that they might see how clever he was in using his long trunk, which he could twist about in a wonderful number of ways.

One day, among the other people who came to the show, there was a man who wished to have what he called some good fun with the elephant. He put his hand in his pocket, and took out some gingerbread nuts, and held one out for the elephant, who took it with his trunk, put it into his mouth, and swallowed it. He seemed to like them very much, for he soon held out his trunk for more. The

man kept on for a long time, giving him one after another, and at last took out of his pocket a paper full of nuts, which looked just like the others, and let the elephant take bag and all, which he swallowed like the rest. But these, instead of being sweet and nice like the rest, had a large quantity of pepper mixed with them, which the elephant found out very soon. And then, lifting his trunk straight up in the air, he opened his great mouth, and uttered such a roar as frightened all the people present. Then he took up an empty bucket that was near, and held it out to his keeper, that it might be filled with water. He drank one bucketful after another, until the burning heat in his throat was gone; and then looked round for the man who had played him so cruel a trick. The cruel man at first laughed at the mischief he had done, and the pain he had caused to the poor beast. But he did not know what a punishment was in store for him. For as soon as the elephant had picked him out from the crowd, he stretched out his long trunk towards him, and catching hold of him by the tail of his coat, twirled him round, as you would spin a tee-totum, and lifted him up from the ground. Now the man was in a fright indeed, for he was quite in the elephant's power, and no one could interfere to save him. No one knew whether the elephant meant to dash him to the ground, and trample upon him with his huge feet, or throw him up into the air and catch him on the point of one of his ivory tusks, which you know grow on each side of his mouth. But just then his coat tails, by which the elephant was holding him up in the air, gave way, and down he tumbled flat upon the ground; when some of the people, who stood by, pulled him away out of the elephant's reach.

The man was much bruised by his fall; and a strange

figure he made with his coat tails torn off by his waist. When the people saw that he had escaped without any broken bones, they could not help laughing heartily at the man, and this vexed him more than all ; but I do not think he will try a second time to play such a cruel trick upon an elephant.

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## THE BOY AND THE SHEEP.

LAZY sheep, pray tell me why  
In the pleasant fields you lie,  
Eating grass and daisies white,  
From the morning till the night :  
Ev'ry thing can something do ;  
But what kind of use are you ?

Nay, my little master, nay,  
Do not serve me so, I pray ;  
Don't you see the wool that grows  
On my back, to make your clothes ?  
Cold, ah ! very cold you'd be,  
If you had not wool from me.

True it seems a pleasant thing  
Nipping daisies in the spring ;  
But what chilly nights I pass  
On the cold and dewy grass !  
Then pick my scanty dinner, where  
All the ground is brown and bare.

And the farmer comes at last,  
Ere the merry spring is past,

Cuts my woolly fleece away  
For your coat in wintry day.  
Little master, this is why  
In the pleasant fields I lie.

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## OUR BEVERAGES.

### 1. TEA.

THE leaves from which tea is made come from China, and are picked from an evergreen shrub, which grows about five feet high, and bears small white flowers. The tea-shrub is cultivated with great care by the Chinese, who first plough and drain and manure the land, and then sow seeds of it. When it is three years old, the leaves are picked off with great care, and after being left to dry for a few hours, are placed over a fire for a short time to "roast," as it is called; after which they can be packed and sold. The Chinese do not make their tea in a teapot, as we always do. They like it very strong, and mix it in a cup, which they first half fill with leaves, and then pour boiling water upon them. They are very fond of tea, and have shops along the roadside, for the purpose of selling it to those who pass by. It has been used as a beverage in England for about two hundred years, but was at first very dear, more than ten times as dear as it is now.

### 2. COFFEE.

Coffee is made from a berry, and is the seed of another evergreen shrub, which was first grown in Arabia, but is now grown also in other hot countries. This is a larger shrub than the tea-plant, and grows ten or twelve feet high. It is said to look like a laurel, but it bears clusters of

sweet-smelling flowers. When the berries, or beans, are ripe, they are picked and threshed in a mill, to take off the skin, or shell, which covers them; and then they are ready for sale. But before they are fit for use, these berries must be roasted over a clear fire, and then ground to powder in a mill. If coffee is kept too long after it has been roasted and ground, it will lose much of its fine scent and flavour. The people of Turkey are very fond of coffee, which they drink while they are smoking their long pipes.

### 3. CHOCOLATE.

Chocolate is made from the seed of the cocoa-tree, which grows in the hot parts of America. It grows to the height of sixteen feet, and bears a large fruit, almost as large as your head; and this fruit is full of seeds about as large as an almond or a bean. When the fruit is ripe it is picked and opened, and the seeds are dried, and then packed for sale. There are many ways of preparing it for use. If the seeds are used without being prepared, they are called nibs, and must be boiled in water, till the water has dissolved them; and then the mixture is fit for use, with a little milk and sugar. But sometimes they are crushed by heavy rollers, and then the article sold is called flake-cocoa; and sometimes they are ground into a paste and mixed with sugar and other things. When this paste is mixed, so as to be of a nice flavour, it is put into a mould to form it into a sort of cake, and is then called chocolate. The Spaniards are of all people the fondest of cocoa.

### 4. CHICORY.

Chicory is not often used by itself. It is mixed with coffee by those who like it. Chicory is the root of a little plant which bears a blue flower, something like a dandelion.

The roots are dried and pounded. The French use the most chicory.

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## ALFRED THE GREAT.

ALFRED was the grandson of Egbert, the first king of all England, and was a learned as well as a good prince. Whilst a child he was taken to Rome by his father, and presented to the Pope, who publicly gave him his blessing, a mark of distinction which was then very highly valued.

Alfred had three brothers, older than himself, and although they all reigned before him, he was the only one of the four who could read and write. A story is told of his mother, that, in order to induce her sons to study, she promised a volume of Saxon poems to whichever of them should be first able to read it; and it is said that Alfred, although the youngest, won the prize. This must have been an interesting and valuable present, for the art of printing was not known in those days, and books were extremely rare, being written on parchment, and ornamented round the margin of each page with pictures beautifully painted and gilt.

During the reigns of Alfred's father and brothers, England was frequently invaded by the Danes, who were pirates, and whose chief object was plunder, which they obtained by the most cruel means—killing those who opposed them, and destroying by fire everything they could not take away.

At the time when Alfred ascended the throne, great numbers of these cruel Danes were established in fortified camps in various parts of the country, which was in a

miserable state, owing to their ravages. The young king, with as large a force as he could muster, fought many battles with them, and gained some victories ; but, the Danes being strengthened by the arrival of fresh bands, his soldiers, unable to contend against them, deserted in great numbers, and Alfred was obliged to fly in disguise to a small place called the Isle of Athelney, a marshy and wooded spot in Somersetshire.

In this island, then a maze of rivers and bogs, which has since been drained and cultivated, he lay long concealed ; and the peasant in whose hut he obtained shelter and food, not suspecting his rank, employed him to tend his cows. A tale is told of his letting some loaves burn while baking on the hearth, on which the peasant's wife said to him in anger, — " You, man ! you will not turn the bread you see burning, you will be glad enough to eat it though ! "

At length, Alfred's friends again assembled, and his hope of being able to rid his country of the Danes once more revived. Then, in order to learn the number and intentions of the enemy, he went to the Danish camp, disguised like one of the Saxon minstrels who were in the habit of going from place to place to amuse the people with their harps and songs. Alfred remained for several days among the Danes, going from tent to tent, and amusing them with songs of battles and heroic deeds ; so that they had no suspicion he was any other than a Saxon minstrel, and talked freely before him. Thus he found out that they believed he was dead ; and he saw that they were quite at their ease, thinking only of feasting and enjoying themselves. So, leaving the Danish camp, he sent messages to his friends to bring all the armed men they could muster on a certain day, to a wood called Selwood Forest, where he met them, and led them by night against the Danes ;

who, being quite unprepared for any attack, were totally defeated, their camp being destroyed, and a great number of them taken prisoners.

After making peace with the Danes, this good prince greatly improved the state of the country. He rebuilt London and other cities, which had been totally destroyed by the Danes. He had larger ships constructed, so that his seamen might be able to fight the Danish pirates at sea. He ordered that the laws should be put in force again ; and added some very excellent ones to them. And he restored "Trial by Jury," which had long been discontinued in England.

Alfred also encouraged commerce, and gave prizes to those who contrived any useful invention. Clocks were then unknown ; but the king himself invented a method of measuring time, by marking candles at regular distances, so that they would burn from one mark to another in an hour.

In short, during the reign of Alfred, peace and order were restored, industry was encouraged, a navy created, the military force strengthened, and the people, on the whole, made happier and better.

This good king reigned twenty-eight years, and died, much regretted, in the year 900, almost one thousand years ago. He is deservedly called Alfred the Great.

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## SUMMER SONG OF THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

It is summer ! it is summer : how beautiful it looks !  
There is sunshine on the old grey hills, and sunshine on  
the brooks ;

A singing-bird on every bough, soft perfumes on the air,  
A happy smile on each young lip, and gladness everywhere.

Oh! is it not a pleasant thing to wander through the  
woods,  
To look upon the painted flowers, and watch the opening  
buds ;  
Or, seated in the deep cool shade, at some tall ash-tree's  
root,  
To fill my little basket with the sweet and scented fruit ?

They tell me that my father's poor—that is no grief to  
me,  
When such a blue and brilliant sky my upturned eye can  
see ;  
They tell me, too, that richer girls can sport with toy and  
gem ;  
It may be so—and yet, methinks, I do not envy them.

When forth I go upon my way, a thousand toys are mine,  
The clusters of dark violets, the wreaths of the wild  
vine ;  
My jewels are the primrose pale, the bindweed, and the  
rose ;  
And show me any courtly gem more beautiful than those.

And then, the fruit, the glowing fruit, how sweet the  
scent it breathes !  
I love to see its crimson cheek rest on the bright green  
leaves.  
Summer's own gift of luxury, in which the poor may  
share,  
The wild-wood fruit, my eager eye is seeking everywhere.

Oh ! summer is a pleasant time, with all its sounds and sights—

Its dewy mornings, balmy eves, and tranquil calm delights ;

I sigh when first I see the leaves fall yellow on the plain,  
And all the winter long I sing, Sweet summer, come again.

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## WHEAT AND OTHER GRAINS.

THERE are many plants which produce grains fit for the food of man. Such are wheat, barley, rye, oats, maize, rice, and millet. These are called cereals, from Ceres, whom the Romans worshipped as the goddess of corn and agriculture. They are all plants of the grass kind, and spring up from seeds sown yearly, and die as soon as they have produced their grain. All have a hollow straw or stalk, with joints or knots, and produce a head or ear, which contains the seed, and which differs in form in the different kinds. Wheat is the most valuable of all these grains, and is that which is most grown for the purpose of producing meal, or flour, to be made into bread ; though both barley and rye are much used for the same purpose in many countries, as they will grow on a poorer soil than wheat. Rye-bread is coarser and sweeter than wheaten bread, and not by any means so white ; but it has the good quality of not soon becoming dry and stale.

Barley is also used for making malt, which, you know, is used for brewing beer. It is made into malt by being steeped in water, and then spread upon a brick floor, until the grains swell and begin to sprout. Then a fire is lit under the brick floor, and the malt is dried, so as to destroy the young sprouts.

Oats are much more hardy than wheat, and will grow in colder and less fertile countries than any other grain. When used as food for men, it is generally in the form of porridge or oatmeal cakes, which are made from oatmeal. It is also very excellent food for horses.

Rice resembles the oat in its growth. Each grain is awned, that is, has a pointed beard, and is covered with a golden yellow husk. It is not so nutritious as the other grains, but can be grown on marshy land, in warm climates, with very little labour.

Maize, or Indian corn, is the largest of all the cereals that we know of, and often rises to the height of six or eight feet ; it has a strong, jointed stalk, which is sheathed in large, handsome, flag-like leaves, and which bears a large head of hard, glossy seeds, growing on a central stem called a cob. It does not make such good bread as wheaten flour, and is chiefly used to make cakes, which are eaten hot.

Millet is the smallest of all the cereals raised for food, and its soft, downy spike, or ear, contains a large number of very small seeds. It is the chief article of food to the inhabitants of Central India, Arabia, and many parts of Africa ; and is very nutritious.

The seeds of nearly all these grass-like plants are wholesome and good for food, but one of them, called darnel, is unwholesome and poisonous, though some of it may often be found growing in a field of wheat.

Buck-wheat, from which flour is sometimes made, is quite a different plant, and does not belong to the grasses. It has heart-shaped leaves, and small, pale-pink flowers.

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## THE SEASONS IN ENGLAND.

WHO is this beautiful virgin that approaches, clothed in a robe of light green? She has a garland of flowers on her head, and flowers spring up wherever she plants her foot. The snow which covered the fields, and the ice which was on the rivers, melt away when she breathes upon them. The young lambs frisk about her, and the birds warble to welcome her coming. When they see her, they begin to choose their mates, and to build their nests. Youths and maidens, have ye seen this beautiful virgin? If ye have, tell me who she is, and what is her name.

Who is this that cometh from the south, thinly clad in a light transparent garment? Her breath is hot and sultry; she seeks the refreshment of the cool shade; she loves the clear streams and crystal brooks, to bathe her languid limbs. The brooks and rivulets fly from her, and are dried up at her approach. She cools her parched lips with berries, and the grateful acid of fruits. The tanned haymakers welcome her coming, and the sheep-shearer, who clips the fleeces off his flock with his sounding shears. When she cometh, let me lie under the thick shade of a spreading beech-tree; let me walk with her in the early morning, when the dew is yet upon the grass; let me wander with her in the soft twilight, when the shepherd shuts his fold, and the star of the evening appears. Who is she that cometh from the south? Youths and maidens, tell me, if ye know, who she is, and what is her name.

Who is he that cometh with sober pace, stealing upon us unawares? His garments are red with the blood of the grape, and his temples are bound with a sheaf of ripe wheat. His hair is thin and beginning to fall, and the auburn is mixed with mournful grey. He shakes the brown nuts

from the tree. He winds the horn, and calls the hunters to their sport. The gun sounds—the trembling partridge and the beautiful pheasant flutter bleeding in the air, and fall dead at the sportsman's feet. Youths and maidens, tell me, if ye know, who he is, and what is his name.

Who is he that cometh from the north in furs and warm wool? He wraps his cloak close about him. His head is bald; his beard is made of sharp icicles. He loves the blazing fire high piled upon the hearth, and the wine sparkling in the glass. He binds skates to his feet, and skims over the frozen lakes. His breath is piercing and cold, and no little flower dares to peep above the surface of the ground when he is by. Whatever he touches turns to ice. Youths and maidens, do you see him? He is coming upon us, and soon will be here. Tell me, if you know, who he is, and what is his name.

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## SPRING.

I'm very glad the spring is come—  
The sun shines out so bright;  
The little birds upon the trees  
Are singing for delight.  
The young grass looks so fresh and green,  
The lambkins are at play,  
And I can skip and run about  
As merrily as they.

I like to see the daisy, and  
The buttercups, once more;  
The primrose, and the cowslip too,  
With every pretty flower.

I like to see the butterfly  
Fluttering her painted wing ;  
And all things seem just like myself,  
So pleased to see the spring.

The fishes in the little brook  
Are jumping up on high ;  
The lark is singing sweetly, as  
She mounts into the sky.  
The rooks are building up their nests  
Upon the great tall tree ;  
And everything's as lusty, and  
As happy as can be.

There's not a cloud upon the sky,  
There's nothing dark or sad ;  
I jump, and scarce know what to do,  
I feel so very glad.  
God must be very good indeed,  
Who made each pretty thing :  
I'm sure we ought to love Him much  
For bringing back the spring.

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## COLUMBUS DISCOVERS AMERICA.

On the evening of the 25th September 1492, while Columbus was engaged with his pilot studying a chart, he was aroused by the voice of one shouting from the stern, "Land, land, Señor ; I claim the reward." A dark mass was pointed out in the south-west, having the appearance of land ; and all who gazed upon it thought it was land. Columbus threw himself upon his knees, and returned thanks to God ; and the crew all joined together in singing a hymn of praise. During the night the ships'

course was kept towards the south-west, and at day-break all eyes were turned in that direction; but the land had vanished, and they found that they had been cheated by one of those evening clouds which, in tropical skies, assume such singular forms about sunset, and so often delude the mariner into a belief that he sees land. Columbus resumed his western course for several days; the attention of the crew was diverted by the continual signs of land: fresh and green herbage floated past the ship; multitudes of small singing-birds came flying about them, and then darting off towards the south-west, in which direction also a pelican, a heron, and a duck were seen moving; but the seamen, mindful of the bitter disappointment which they had already endured, placed little reliance upon these delusive signs; and, on the third day, their impatience broke out into open rebellion. They assembled in disorder upon the deck, and insisted that Columbus should turn homeward, and abandon the enterprise as hopeless.

It happened fortunately, however, on the following day, that the signs of land became such as to convince the most distrustful seaman of its being near. The sounding-line reached the bottom; the singing-birds became more numerous; a fish of a kind frequenting rocks was seen; a cane newly cut, and a staff artificially carved, were picked up, together with the branch of a tree with red berries on it; the wind, too, was unequal and variable. All these signs convinced Columbus that now indeed he was really close to the land. Accordingly, on the same evening, he called together his crew, bade them return thanks to God for having preserved them through so long a voyage, and told them that, in all probability, they would discover land before morning. The ships sailed on in their course throughout the evening. Columbus

mounted the lofty poop of his vessel and kept a close watch. Suddenly, about two hours before midnight, he saw a light in the distance, and a gentleman, whom he called to him to see it, observed it likewise. An officer was next summoned, but, before he came, the light had disappeared—it was, however, seen for a moment twice afterwards, and its appearance increased the confidence of Columbus. At two in the morning a gun from another of the vessels—there were three in all—announced the discovery of land, which was soon afterwards clearly seen at the distance of two leagues a-head. The ships now lay to for the rest of the night, waiting, in all the anguish of suspense, until the return of day should reveal to their impatient eyes the unknown country, which they had at last reached through so many perils and sorrows.

When day broke on the memorable morning of Friday, the 12th October 1492, Columbus and his eager followers beheld before them an island of some extent, whose flat and verdant land, well covered with trees, and watered by many rivulets, gave promise of a delightful country. They soon perceived that they were themselves the objects of equally anxious regard ; for they saw the naked natives of the island crowding from all parts to its shores, and gazing towards their ships in evident astonishment. Columbus ordered the boats to be manned. He entered his own, armed and richly dressed, and proceeded towards the land, with the royal standard unfurled. On landing, Columbus fell upon his knees, and returned thanks to God for having brought his voyage to so happy an issue ; and his followers also did the same. Then, rising up, he drew his sword, and giving the island the name of San Salvador, took solemn possession of it in the name of the King and Queen of Spain, with all the requisite forms and ceremonies.

## THE STORY OF THE GENTLEMAN AND THE BASKETMAKER.

THERE was once, in a distant part of the world, a rich man, who lived in a fine house, and spent his time in eating, and drinking, and sleeping, and amusing himself. As he had a great many servants to wait on him, who treated him with the greatest respect, and did whatever they were ordered, and as he had never been taught the truth, or been accustomed to hear it, he grew very proud, insolent, and vain, imagining that he had a right to command all the world, and that the poor were only born in order to serve and obey him.

Near this rich man's house there lived an honest and industrious, but poor man, who gained his livelihood by making little baskets out of dried reeds, which grew upon a piece of marshy ground close to his cottage. But, though he was obliged to labour from morning to night in order to earn food enough to support him, and though he seldom fared upon better than dry bread, or rice, or potatoes, and had no other bed than the remains of the rushes of which he made baskets, yet he was always happy, cheerful, and contented; for his labour gave him so good an appetite, that the coarsest fare appeared to him delicious; and he went to bed so tired, that he would have slept soundly even upon the ground. Besides this, he was a good and virtuous man, humane to everybody, honest in his dealings, always accustomed to speak the truth, and therefore beloved and respected by all his neighbours.

The rich man, on the contrary, though he lay upon the softest bed, could not sleep, because he had passed the day in idleness; and though the nicest dishes were presented to him, he could not eat with any pleasure, because he did

not wait till nature gave him an appetite, or use enough of exercise, or go enough into the open air. Besides this, as he was a great sluggard and glutton, he was almost always ill ; and as he did good to nobody, he had no friends ; and even his servants spoke ill of him behind his back ; and all his neighbours, whom he oppressed, hated him. For these reasons he was sullen, melancholy, and unhappy, and became displeased with all who appeared more cheerful than himself. He could not bear to see the poor basket-maker sitting at his door and singing as he plaited his baskets.

“What !” said he, “shall a wretch, a peasant, a low-born fellow, that weaves bulrushes for a scanty living, be always happy and pleased, while I, that am a gentleman, possessed of riches and power, and of more consequence than a million of reptiles like him, am always melancholy and discontented ?” And as he had never been accustomed to conquer his own passions, however improper or unjust they might be, he at last determined to punish the basket-maker for being happier than himself.

So, one night, he gave orders to his servants, who did not dare to disobey him, to set fire to the rushes which grew around the poor man’s house. As it was summer, and the weather in that country was extremely hot and dry, the fire soon spread over the whole marsh, and not only consumed all the rushes, but soon extended to the cottage itself ; and to save his life, the poor basketmaker was obliged to escape almost naked.

You may judge of the surprise and grief of the poor man when he found himself entirely deprived of his subsistence by the wickedness of his rich neighbour, whom he had never offended ; but, as he was unable to punish him for this injustice, he set out and walked on foot to the

chief magistrate of that country, to whom, with many tears, he told his pitiable story. The magistrate, who was a good and just man, immediately ordered the rich man to be brought before him ; and when he found that he could not deny the wickedness of which he was accused, he thus spoke to the poor man : " As this proud and wicked man has been puffed up with the opinion of his own importance, and attempted to commit the most scandalous injustice from his contempt of the poor, I wish to teach him of how little value he is to anybody, and how vile and contemptible a creature he really is ; but, for this purpose, it is necessary that you should consent to the plan I have formed, and go along with him to the place whither I intend to send you both."

The poor man replied : " I never had much, and the little I once had is now lost by the mischief and cruelty of this proud and wicked man. I am entirely ruined : I have no means left in the world of procuring myself a morsel of bread the next time I am hungry ; therefore I am ready to go wherever you please to send me ; and, though I would not treat this man as he has treated me, yet I should be glad to teach him more justice and humanity, and so prevent his injuring the poor a second time."

The magistrate then ordered them both to be put on board a ship, and carried to a distant country, which was inhabited by a rude and savage kind of men, who lived in huts, knew nothing of money, and got their living by fishing. As soon as they were set on shore, the sailors left them, as they had been ordered, and the people of the country came round them in great numbers to look at them. Then the rich man, seeing himself thus exposed, without assistance or defence, in the midst of a barbarous people, whose language he did not understand, and in

whose power he was, began to cry and wring his hands in the most abject manner ; but the poor basketmaker, who had been accustomed to hardships and danger from his infancy, made signs to the people that he was their friend, and was willing to work for them, and be their servant. Upon this the natives made signs that they would do them no hurt, but would make use of them in fishing and carrying wood.

Accordingly, they led them both to a wood at some distance, and showed them several logs, which they ordered them to carry to their cabins. They both immediately set about their tasks, and the poor man, who was strong and active, very soon finished his share ; while the rich man, whose limbs were tender and delicate, and not accustomed to any kind of labour, had scarcely done a quarter of his. The savages, who saw this, began to think that the basketmaker would prove very useful to them, and therefore presented him with a large piece of fish and several of their choicest roots, while they gave the rich man scarcely enough to support him, because they thought him capable of very little service ; however, as he had now fasted several hours, he ate what they gave him with a better appetite than he had ever felt before at his own table. The next day they were set to work again, and as the basketmaker had the same advantage over his companion, he was well treated and even caressed by the natives ; while they showed every mark of contempt towards the other, whose delicate and luxurious habits had rendered him very unfit for labour.

The rich man now began to perceive how little reason he had for valuing himself so much, and despising his fellow-creatures ; but there was another lesson yet in store for him. It happened one day that one of the savages

came home with a sort of fillet round his head, which he had found, and had put on for an ornament, and all the others thought it extremely fine. The basketmaker, seeing this, pulled up some reeds, and sitting down to work, soon finished a very pretty wreath, which he placed upon the head of the first man he met. This man was so pleased with the wreath, that he danced and capered for joy, and ran away to the rest. It was not long before another, and then another, came, and made signs that they, too, wanted similar ornaments. And they were all so pleased, that they released the basketmaker from his former drudgery, and employed him exclusively in weaving for them. They treated him also very well, and built him a hut, and made him as comfortable as they could. But the rich man, who had neither talents to please nor strength to labour, they gave for a servant to the basketmaker, who employed him to gather the reeds which he wove into chaplets.

After they had passed some months in this manner, they were again taken back to their own country, by order of the magistrate, and brought before him. He then looked sternly upon the rich man, and said:—"Having now taught you how helpless and contemptible a creature you are, as well as how inferior to the man you injured and insulted, I shall proceed to make up to him the injury which you inflicted. If I were to treat you as you deserve, I should take from you all the riches that you possess; but as I hope that you will now be more humane for the future, I sentence you to give half your fortune to this man, whom you endeavoured to ruin."

Upon this the basketmaker thanked the magistrate for his goodness, and said:—"As I have been bred up in poverty, and accustomed to labour, I have no desire to

obtain riches, which I should not know how to use : all, therefore, that I require of this man is, to put me in the same situation I was in before, and to be more humane in his conduct."

The rich man could not help being astonished at such generosity, and having now learned wisdom by his misfortunes, he not only treated the basketmaker as a friend during the rest of his life, but employed his riches in relieving the poor and doing good to his fellow-creatures.

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## THE MONTHS OF THE YEAR IN ENGLAND.

JANUARY brings the snow ;  
Makes our feet and fingers glow.  
February brings the rain ;  
Thaws the frozen lake again.  
March brings breezes loud and shrill ;  
Stirs the dancing daffodil.  
April brings the primrose sweet ;  
Scatters daisies at our feet.  
May brings flocks of pretty lambs,  
Skipping by their fleecy dams.  
June brings tulips, lilies, roses ;  
Fills the children's hands with posies.  
Hot July brings cooling showers,  
Apricots and gilliflowers.  
August brings the sheaves of corn ;  
Then the harvest home is borne.  
Warm September brings the fruit ;  
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

Fresh October brings the pheasant ;  
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.  
Dull November brings the blast ;  
Then the leaves are whirling fast.  
Chill December brings the sleet,  
Blazing fire, and Christmas treat.

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## THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

THUS spoke the Golden Eagle to the little boy, who loved to watch the birds, and learn their names and their strange modes of life :—

“ And must I come down, too ? Must the proud golden eagle stoop down from his eyrie on the ledge of the steep sea-cliff, and submit to be questioned by a child ? You have been looking towards me, I know, a great part of the day. I have seen your curious eye vainly trying to spy out my ways and my doings ; but the sun blinded you, and the distance was too much for you ; so, though I have had you before me the whole time, you have scarcely been able to say that you have seen me yet. Yes ; I will come down, for what harm can you do me ? and why should you not learn what you desire ? But the rushing of my wings, if I were to descend with all my force near you, would be a startling thing ; so you shall first see me sail in my majesty over the valley.

“ There ! Am I not indeed a noble creature ? How I ride in the high air, glorying in my might ! I am not thinking of my prey now. I am only sailing idly along for your amusement and my own pleasure, enjoying the calm sky and this bright sun, and caring nothing for what is doing upon earth.

"Would you see me in my terrible hour, when I have marked out some poor animal for my own, as I sail through the air above it? You shall, then; but you must have a quick eye, and not a cowardly heart; and you must remember that, though I cannot live without slaughter, I am a very merciful destroyer. One stroke of my powerful talons is often enough to end the sufferings of the animal I would kill. Do you see yonder hare, gliding along from one covert to another? I shall have him; but I must mount higher. Down, down!—a moment, and it is over; and here I am again, bearing off the prey to my eaglets. I cannot invite you to my eyrie: it is much too high for you to climb to; and, could you reach it, the footing is slippery, and the river runs dark and deep underneath. Sharp points of rock jut out on every side, to keep off intruders. To you, it would seem a forlorn and cheerless place; to me, it is a happy ancient home. It is merely a platform on yonder rock. Large sticks arranged in rows make our floor, and turf and rushes are our carpet. If the rock projects over our heads, making a sort of cave for us, we do not object to its shelter; but we do not seek it, for few can bear cold and storms as we can.

"What are you gazing at above my head? My mate, I should judge, by the sound in the air; for though I could see her, and could see you, my little boy, ever so far *below* me, if you were *above* me, but for a little distance, you would be safe from my eye. This projecting curtain, this eye-brow, that has been given me, is a shade, that both protects my eye from the sun, and guards my prey when above me from my attacks.

"I was born in an eyrie far from this wild mountain; but the nest itself was like this one in which I rear my

own young ; only the sea was nearer to us there than it is here, and in a winter's night, the sound of the roaring waters dashing under us made the place more grand. My father and mother were a noble pair. I have seen other eagles since, but never a bird, I think, so large as my mother. From tip to tip of her wings, she measured upwards of ten feet ; and she was three feet and a half long. My father was smaller ; but both of them were remarkable for the size and strength of their legs and claws. I cannot tell how many years my parents had lived in this nest before I came into the world—perhaps fifty or sixty. I know that many pairs of birds have been sent forth by them to find dwellings for themselves where they could ; and this was the reason why my mate and I were obliged to come so far from home, before we could meet with a quiet mountain all to ourselves. There were three eggs in the nest at the time my mate and I were hatched ; but one of them, I believe, rolled out of the nest. At first our bodies were covered with a yellowish down, after which feathers began to grow ; but it was three or four years before our plumage resembled in colour and strength that of our parents ; though *now* I am the very image of my mother—the same rich browns with their coppery lustre ; the same free, powerful command of every limb.

“ My mate and I were nursed in our parents' nest for a whole summer, during all which time nothing could exceed the kindness of our father and mother. At first my mother kept chiefly within, and my father went abroad for food for her and for us ; but, as we grew bigger and stronger, he enticed my mother abroad, for he did not like his lonely flights, and wished her to be his companion whenever she could. Sometimes he remained at home, and she went alone, as I have now left my mate to come and talk with

you. We did not mind being left alone ; nothing could harm us in the nest, and we never dreamed of any ill happening to our parents ; but it was a pleasant moment when we heard the rush of their wings at a distance, and then the gentle sweep before they landed. What a broad shadow they spread betwixt us and the sun !

“ My mother had some fears, lest at any time, in her absence, we should venture too near the edge of the nest, and fall down the precipice ; but we were much too cowardly for that. We were well fed all this time ; poultry, game, rabbits, and young lambs were brought in abundance to us ; and sometimes our larder was even overstocked. So time passed on, and summer went away, and autumn brought shortened days, and sometimes a chilly blast. Then our parents began to cast altered looks upon us, and we heard them whispering together, and agreeing that it was high time to drive us away, lest the winter should come suddenly upon them, when they could not well provide both for us and for themselves. A day or two after this we found the matter was settled ; that we were no longer to lie still in our quiet nest, but to be pushed out of it, and launched upon the wide space beneath us. Trust me, though many, many years have passed, I have not forgotten that day ; and though we soon learned to enjoy our freedom, it was a terrible moment when we found our kind parents' hearts turned against us, and felt their powerful talons put forth to drag us from the nest.

“ I know all that passed up to the moment when I was about to be pushed from my clinging hold on the rock. After that, terror took away all my faculties, and I can only tell you that in a few moments I found myself, to my surprise, resting upon my mother's back in the air. Though she had forced me forward, she had not deserted

me. Swift as lightning she had darted under me, and now bore me upon her wings. What a joy it was to find her near! and how ashamed I felt at the thought, that a doubt of her love and care had ever come upon me!

"My courage revived as I felt the fresh air, and saw how nobly my mother rode through the vast expanse. Then again she slipped from beneath me; and this time I stretched my wings, and found them far more powerful than I expected. Ere the day was over my young mate and I felt the enjoyment of our own powers, and caught much of our parents' spirit. Our eye, indeed, wanted practice; we could not see so promptly, or direct our flight towards our prey in so unerring a manner, as afterwards. But these powers our parents knew would soon develop; and when they were satisfied that we were able to provide for ourselves, they soared back to their deserted nest, leaving us, as we well understood, to our own resources.

"It was not long before we came here. On our way we touched at many promising spots; but they were all occupied. Every beetling crag had its pair of eagles, and none were disposed to yield possession to a young couple like us; so that we saw it was necessary to go further and further from the parent-eyrie. Here, then, we came, and here we have reared many a brood, and lived for very many summers. How many would you suppose? More, probably, than you will ever number. A hundred years have seen us lords of this mountain; and even now you find I am neither dull of sight nor heavy of wing. I have one anxiety certainly in my heart, and my good mate has the same. We have lived so long together that we think our time must be drawing to a close, and if one goes first, the other does not know how to bear the thought of being left sole survivor. Farewell, my dear boy; and

continue to admire, with a loving heart, all God's glorious works, and do not forget the solemn eagle on his rugged cliff."

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## JOURNAL KEPT AT AN ENGLISH FARM.

*June 10.*—Last night we had a dreadful alarm. A violent scream was heard from the hen-roost: the geese all set up a cackle, and the dogs barked. Ned, the boy who sleeps over the stable, jumped up, and ran into the yard, where he saw a fox galloping away with a chicken in his mouth, and the dogs in full chase after him. They could not overtake him, and soon returned. The large white cock, too, was found lying on the ground all covered with blood, with his comb almost torn off; and the speckled hen and her three chickens lay dead beside him. The cock recovered, but seemed terribly frightened. It seems that the fox had jumped over the garden-hedge, and then, crossing the yard behind the stack of straw, had crept into the hen-roost through a broken board. The board was nailed up fast, to prevent the like mischief again.

Early this morning the brindled cow gave us a fine bull-calf. Both seem well. The calf is to be fattened for the butcher.

The duck-eggs under the old black hen were hatched this day, and all the ducklings ran directly into the pond, to the great terror of the hen, who went round and round, clucking with all her might, in order to call them out; but an old drake took the little ones under his care, and they swam about very merrily.

As Dolly was this morning milking the new cow that was bought at the fair, she kicked with her hind legs, &

threw down the milk-pail, at the same time knocking Dolly off her stool into the dirt. For the future, this cow is to be bailed, while she is milked, and to have her legs tied.

A hawk was seen to hover a long while over the yard, with intent to carry off some of the young chickens; but the hens called their broods together under their wings, and the cocks got ready to fight, and so the hawk was disappointed. At length one chicken, heedless of its mother's call, and straggling to a distance, was with a sudden swoop seized by the hawk, who was carrying it away. The chicken cried out, and the cocks and hens all screamed; when Ralph, the farmer's son, snatching up a loaded gun, fired, and brought the hawk dead to the ground, along with the poor chicken, which was killed by the fall. The hawk was nailed up against the barn to frighten others away.

In the forenoon, we were alarmed by some strange noises, and saw a number of persons, with frying pans, tongs and pokers, beating, ringing, and making a great din. They were our neighbours of the next farm, in pursuit of a swarm of bees, which was still hovering in the air over our heads. The bees at length settled on a tall pear-tree in our orchard, and hung in a bunch from one of the boughs. A ladder was got, and a man went up with gloves on his hands, and an apron tied over his head. He swept them into a hive, which had been smeared on the inside with honey, and sweet herbs. But, as he was getting down, some bees, which had got under his gloves, stung him in such a manner, that he hastily threw down the hive; upon which the greater part of the bees fell out, and began in a rage to fly among the crowd, and sting all upon whom they lit. Away scampered the people, the women shrieking, the children roaring: and poor Adam, who had held the hive, was attacked so fiercely, that he was obliged to throw

himself on the ground and creep under the gooseberry bushes. At length, the bees began to return to the hive, in which the queen-bee had remained ; and after a while, when all were quietly settled, a cloth was thrown over it, and the swarm was carried home.

About noon, three pigs broke into the garden, where they were rioting upon the carrots and turnips, and doing a great deal of mischief, by trampling the beds and rooting up the plants with their snouts ; when they were spied by old Towzer, the mastiff, who ran among them, and, laying hold of their long ears with his teeth, made them squeal most dismally, and get out of the garden as fast as they could.

A sheep-washing was held this day at the mill-pond, when seven score were well washed, and then penned in the high meadow to dry. Many of them struggled hard on being thrown into the water ; and the old ram, being dragged to the brink, by a boy at each horn and a third pushing behind, by a sudden spring threw two of them into the pond, to the great amusement of those who were looking on.

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## ENGLISH BIRDS AND THEIR NESTS.

THE skylark's nest among the grass  
And waving corn is found ;  
The robin's on a shady bank,  
With oak-leaves strewed around.

The wren builds in an ivied thorn,  
Or old and ruined wall ;  
The mossy nest so covered in,  
You scarce can see at all.

The martins build their nest of clay,  
In rows beneath the eaves ;  
The silvery lichens, moss, and hair,  
The chaffinch interweaves.

The cuckoo makes no nest at all,  
But through the wood she strays,  
Until she finds one snug and warm,  
And there her egg she lays.

The sparrow has a nest of hay,  
With feathers warmly lined ;  
The ring-dove's careless nest of sticks  
On lofty trees we find.

Rooks build together in a wood,  
And often disagree ;  
The owl will build inside a barn,  
Or in a hollow tree.

The blackbird's nest of grass and mud  
In bush and bank is found ;  
The lapwing's darkly-spotted eggs  
Are laid upon the ground.

The magpie's nest is made with thorns,  
In leafless tree or hedge ;  
The wild-duck and the water-hen  
Build by the water's edge.

Birds build their nests from year to year,  
According to their kind ;  
Some very neat and beautiful—  
Some simpler ones we find.

The habits of each little bird,  
And all its patient skill,  
Are surely taught by God himself,  
And ordered by His will.

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## THE CAMEL.

THERE is no animal more useful to man in hot countries, particularly where there is but little water, than the camel. And he is so made that, though he would be of little use in moist and rainy climates, he is of the greatest service in hot and dry ones. Now, if you look at his feet, you will see that they are broad at the bottom, so that they will not sink easily into the sand. The sole of the foot is not hard like the hoof of a horse, but tough like a piece of india-rubber, or like the leather of your shoes,—not hard like horn, or wood, or iron. If the camel were to travel in wet places, his legs would soon become sore ; but on dry roads he walks very well. His feet, too, would be soon hurt, if he had to travel over stony ground ; but on soft sand he walks with great ease. Arabia and Africa, and the southern parts of Asia, in which countries the camel mostly lives, are both dry and sandy.

The camel is called “the ship of the desert,” though he has neither mast nor sails, because he is employed by the merchant to carry his goods across the sandy desert, as ships carry them over the seas. He is very strong, and can carry a great load.

As I told you before, the camel has a foot suited for travelling through dry countries only. Now, there is but little grass, and there are very few bushes growing, in such very dry land ; therefore God has given the camel a stomach

that is easily satisfied ; he requires very little food on a journey, and can live for eight or ten days on dry and thorny plants, though afterwards he will require more nourishment. Now, what do you think they give the camel to eat? Perhaps you have seen dates in the grocers' windows, if you have never had any of them to eat. These are the fruit of trees which grow in very dry places, and the camel likes to eat them very much ; and they are very good food for him.

Perhaps you may wonder how he can get water in his journey. There is but little water in these dry deserts ; and what water-pools there are lie a long way apart from each other. But the camel has a stomach so formed, that he can keep the water he drinks on one day for several days afterwards ; and as the camel can smell water at a great distance off, he is very useful in guiding thirsty travellers to places where they may drink and refresh themselves—only he is in such a hurry often to get to the water, that he sometimes runs away from his drivers that he may drink first.

Although the camel is very useful, we can hardly say that he is very handsome, for he has great humps upon his back, and a long, crooked neck. His height from the top of the hump to the ground is about six feet ; but there are different kinds of camels, just as there are different kinds of horses in our country.

To the Arabs of the desert, the camel supplies a large part of their food, for the flesh of the young ones is their greatest luxury, and their milk forms a principal part of an Arab's subsistence. This milk is very rich and thick, but rather strong tasted. Of their skins are made tents, saddles, and many other articles ; and the hair with which they are covered is woven into various kinds of cloth.

## MUNGO PARK,

## THE AFRICAN TRAVELLER.

It was on the 2d of December, in the year 1795, that Park started on his journey into the interior of Africa. He took with him a negro, named Johnson, who was born in this part of Africa, but had been taken, when young, as a slave to Jamaica, and, after being made free, had spent some time in England, and then returned to his native land. He also took a negro boy, named Demba, and he bought a small but hardy horse for his own use, while his negro attendants were each furnished with an ass.

His first day's journey ended at Jindey ; and in the evening, he walked out to see another village that was near, where the people gave him supper, and told him the following strange story.

"Many years ago," they said, "the people of a village, not far off, were much annoyed by a lion, that came every night and took away some of their cattle. He did so much mischief, and they were at length so much enraged, that a large party made up their minds to go out and hunt the monster. They went together to search for their common enemy, and found him hid in a thicket. They fired at him, and were lucky enough to wound him, so that when he was just going to spring from the thicket towards the people, he fell down among the grass, and was unable to rise. But he was only hurt, and no one was bold enough to go within reach of him. They thought, too, that if they could catch him alive, they could take him down to the town upon the coast, and sell him for a large sum of money to the Europeans, who came there to trade. So some proposed one plan, and some another ; and at last an old man advised them to strip

the thatch off the roof of one of their houses (which are very small, and made of bamboo, which is very light), and then to carry with them the bamboo-frame of the house, and put it over the lion ; and should the lion, he added, threaten to spring upon them, they had only to let down this roof at once over themselves, and to fire at the lion between the rafters. This plan pleased them so much that a number of them determined to try it. The thatch was taken from the roof of a hut, and the lion-hunters carried the framework, and marched bravely to the field of action, each of them carrying a gun in one hand, and supporting his share of the roof upon the opposite shoulder. By the time they arrived, the beast had recovered his strength, and he looked so fiercely at them, that they thought it prudent to stop, and secure their own safety, by covering themselves with the roof. But the lion was too nimble for them, and making a spring, just as they were letting the house down, both he and the men were covered by the roof, so that they were all caught in the same cage, and the lion devoured them one by one at his leisure."

On the banks of a river, a branch of the Senegal, our traveller saw the mode of fishing practised by the natives. The larger kinds of fish were caught in long baskets made of split cane, and placed in a rapid stream, running between walls of stone built across the river, with certain places left open, through which the water rushed with great force. Some of these baskets were more than twenty feet long, and when once a fish had gone in, the force of the stream prevented it from returning. The small fish were caught in great numbers in hand-nets, which the natives wove of cotton, and used with great dexterity. These fish were about the size of sprats, and prepared for sale in different ways ; the most common was by pounding them,

just as they come from the stream, in a wooden mortar, and exposing them to dry in the sun, in large lumps like sugar loaves.

On the 21st December, about noon, Park entered the capital of Bondou. As there are no hotels in Africa, it is the custom for strangers to stand at some place of public resort, till they are invited to a lodging by some one of the inhabitants. Our traveller followed the usual course, and soon received an invitation. But an hour afterwards, a messenger came from the King of the place, who wished to see him directly, if he was not too much fatigued. "I took my interpreter with me," says Park, "and followed the messenger, till we got quite out of the town, and crossed some corn-fields; when, thinking it was some trick, I stopped, and asked the guide where he was going to; upon which he pointed to a man sitting under a tree at some little distance, and told me that the King often gave audience in that retired manner, in order to avoid a crowd of people, and that nobody but myself and my interpreter might approach him. When I advanced, the King desired me to come and sit by him on the mat; and after hearing my story, he asked me if I wished to purchase any slaves or gold, and desired me to come to him again in the evening, that he might give me some provisions. In the evening, I repaired to the King's dwelling. At the entrance I saw a man standing with a musket on his shoulder. Both my guide and my interpreter, according to custom, took off their sandals, and the former pronounced the King's name aloud, and repeated it till we were answered from within. We found the monarch sitting on a mat, and two attendants with him. When I delivered my presents he seemed well pleased, and was particularly delighted with the umbrella, which he repeatedly opened and closed,

to his own great wonder and astonishment, and that of his two attendants, who could not for some time understand the use of this wonderful piece of mechanism."

On the following day, Park paid another visit to the King, and was then requested to visit the King's wives, who were very anxious to see him. As soon as he entered their court, all the ladies surrounded him in a body, some asking for medicine, and some for amber. They were ten or twelve in number, and most of them were young and handsome, and wore on their heads ornaments of gold and beads of amber. "They were much amused," says Park, "with the whiteness of my skin, and the length of my nose ; and would not believe that they were real and natural. They said my white colour was caused by my being dipped daily in milk, when I was a baby ; and that the length of my nose was owing to its having been pinched every day while I was young."

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### THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

"WILL you walk into my parlour ?"

Said the spider to the fly ;

"'Tis the prettiest little parlour

That ever you did spy.

"The way into my parlour

Is up a winding stair ;

And I have many curious things

To show when you are there."

"Oh no, no," said the little fly ;

"To ask me is in vain ;

For who goes up your winding stair

Can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear,  
With soaring up so high ;  
Will you rest upon my little bed ?"  
Said the spider to the fly.

"There are pretty curtains drawn around ;  
The sheets are fine and thin ;  
And, if you like to rest awhile,  
I'll snugly tuck you in."

"Oh no, no," said the little fly,  
"For I've often heard it said,  
They never, never wake again  
Who sleep upon your bed."

Said the cunning spider to the fly,  
"Dear friend, what can I do,  
To prove the warm affection  
I have always felt for you ?

"I have within my pantry  
Good store of all that's nice ;  
I'm sure you're very welcome,—  
Will you please to take a slice ?"

"Oh no, no," said the little fly ;  
"Kind sir, that cannot be,  
I've heard what's in your pantry,  
And I do not wish to see."

"Sweet creature !" said the spider,  
"You're witty and you're wise.  
How handsome are your gauzy wings !  
How brilliant are your eyes !

"I have a little looking-glass  
Upon the parlour shelf :  
If you 'll step in one moment, dear  
You shall behold yourself."

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said,  
"For what you 're pleased to say ;  
And, bidding you good morning now,  
I 'll call another day."

The spider turned him round about,  
And went into his den ;  
For well he knew the silly fly  
Would soon come back again.

So he wove a subtle web,  
In a little corner sly ;  
And set his table ready, too,  
To dine upon the fly.

Then he came to his door again,  
And merrily did sing,  
"Come hither, hither, pretty fly,  
With the pearl and silver wing.

"Your robes are green and purple,  
There 's a crest upon your head ;  
Your eyes are like the diamonds bright,  
While mine are dull as lead."

Alas, alas ! how very soon  
This silly little fly,  
Hearing his wily, flattering words,  
Came slowly flitting by.

With buzzing wings she hung aloft,  
Then near and nearer drew,  
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes,  
And green and purple hue.

Thinking only of her crested head—  
Poor foolish thing!—at last  
Up jumped the cunning spider,  
And fiercely held her fast.

He dragged her up his winding stair  
Into his dismal den,  
Within his little parlour—but  
She ne'er came out again!

And now, dear little children,  
When you this story read,  
To idle, silly, flattering words,  
I pray you ne'er give heed.

Unto an evil counsellor  
Close heart and ear and eye;  
And take a lesson from this tale  
Of the spider and the fly.

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## ACCOUNT OF MUNGO PARK'S DEATH.

THIS great traveller was never seen or heard of after his second expedition into Africa, about the year 1812; but the following account of his death was given by one of the native guides who accompanied him:—"Next day Mr Park departed, and I was left behind, and slept in the village. In the morning I went to pay my respects to the King of the place, and, on entering his house, I found two

men, who had come on horseback, having been sent to the King by the Chief of Yaour. They said to the King, 'We are sent to let you know, that the white men went away without giving you or him any presents : they have taken a great many things with them, and we have received nothing from them. This man (the guide) now before you is a bad man, and has made a fool of you both.' The King immediately ordered me to be put in irons, which was accordingly done, and everything I had was taken from me ; some were for killing me, and some for preserving my life. Early next morning the King sent an army to a village called Boussa, near the river side. There is before this village a rock across the whole breadth of the river. One part of the rock is very high, and there is a large opening in it, in the form of a door, which is the only passage for the water to pass through ; and the tide-current is here very strong. The King's army went and took possession of this opening. Mr Park came up after the army had posted itself, and attempted to pass. They then began to attack him by throwing lances, pikes, arrows, and stones. Mr Park defended himself for a long time ; two of his slaves at the stern of the canoe were killed ; his men threw everything they had in the canoe into the river and kept firing ; but, being overpowered by numbers and fatigue, they were unable to keep up the canoe against the current ; and Mr Park, seeing no chance of escape, took hold of one of the white men and jumped with him into the water. Martyn (an officer) did the same ; but they were all drowned in the stream, in attempting to escape. One slave only remained in the boat ; who, seeing the natives continue to throw their weapons at the canoe, stood up, and said to them, 'Stop throwing now ; you see nothing in the canoe, and no person but myself ; therefore cease :

take me and the canoe, but don't kill me.' They then took possession of the canoe and the man, and carried them to the King.

"I was kept in irons three months, after which the King released me. I then went to the slave who was taken in the canoe, who told me in what manner Mr Park had died, and what I have related above. I asked him if he was sure nothing had been found in the canoe after its capture: he said that nothing remained in the canoe but himself and a sword-belt. I asked him where the sword-belt was, and he said the King took it, and had made a girth for his horse with it."

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## THE WOLF.

THERE are some few living creatures that seem to have no friends. No one ever heard anything good about them, and no one has a kind word to say of them. Such an animal is the wolf;—but stop, for there is a very old story about one wolf in particular, which, if it were only true, would lead one to say that even a wolf can be kind and gentle. That story is but a short one; so I will tell it.

A wolf, going down one day to a river to drink, found two babies on the bank; and, instead of making a breakfast of one, and carrying the other home for dinner, took pity on them both and nursed them, as if they were her own whelps, until they were old enough to take care of themselves. And they did take care of themselves, but in a very savage sort of way; neither by tilling the ground, nor by hunting, but, as one might expect from young men who had been brought up by such a nurse, by robbing the weak and fighting against the strong. In fact, in this

way they did their nurse great credit ; and people were as much afraid of Romulus and Remus (for so they were afterwards called), as they were of any hungry wolves in the neighbourhood. When they were grown up to be men, they determined to build a city ; but, as they had learnt from their foster-mother to quarrel and snarl, before they had got very far with their work, they must needs squabble about the proper height of the walls. From words they came to blows, and Romulus killed his brother with his own hand.

Some of the Romans believed this story about the founder of their city to be true ; but it is most likely that it was all invented by some one who thought that he who could be so savage as to kill his brother was more of a brute than a man, and imagined that he must have been nursed by a wolf, or he could not have been so cruel.

For the wolf is really a cruel robber, who, if animals could speak, would no doubt have said, and done too, exactly what he is charged with in the fable of the "Wolf and the Lamb ;" and who, if he were only big enough, and had the chance, would fall to and make a meal of any little Red-Riding-Hood and her Grandmamma who might fall in his way.

When you read books of natural history, you will see that wolves are like large, very fierce dogs, that they are ill-tempered and quarrelsome among themselves, great cowards when in danger, but sly, artful, and cruel towards all animals weaker than themselves. They prowl about by night, often many of them together ; for, though they snarl and bite each other when they have nothing else to do, they join together readily whenever there is any mischief in hand.

They live for the most part in mountainous countries ;

and during the seasons when the sheep and goats wander about the hills, they carry off great numbers, taking good care, however, to keep out of the way of the shepherds and their dogs. But in winter, when the flocks are driven to the folds, and the wolves are hard pressed by hunger, they come near the villages, and prey on any straggling animals they can find, killing sometimes horses and mules, in short, any animal that exhibits fear and runs away from them. Children have many times been carried off by them and devoured ; and they have been known to hunt down and kill even men and women.

Some of these stories are too horrible for me to tell you ; but the following one, which is quite true, shows that a stout heart is a match for even the fierceness and cruelty of a wolf :—

Not many years ago a farmer, who lived in a small village in Hungary, was obliged to go on business to the next market-town, which was a few miles off. The season was winter, and, as it was a very severe one, the ground was, and had long been, covered with deep snow. So all the sheep and goats had been driven to the village for shelter, and the wolves had become unusually savage from hunger. The farmer, who knew this, was anxious to finish his business in good time, so that he might return home before dark. But unfortunately he met some friends at the market-town, and stayed so long with them, that it was growing late in the afternoon before he started homewards. Still, as his friends intended to return to the same village with himself, he thought that, however fierce the wolves might be, they would not venture to attack so strong a party as they made when united.

The ground, I have said, was covered with snow ; and I should also say, that in countries where the snow lies

too deep for wheeled carriages, it is the custom to ride in sledges. A sledge is a low carriage, which, instead of wheels, has beneath it, running lengthwise, two smooth bars of wood, which do not sink into the snow and get clogged, as wheels would be certain to do, but slide along smoothly, and are less tiresome to a horse than wheels are on an ordinary road. The farmer and his friends got into their sledges and drove off. For a long time all went on very well; they kept together and scarcely thought of the wolves, so pleasant was it to glide smoothly and quickly over the snow in the clear, frosty afternoon.

But as it grew towards dark, and when the farmer was within a quarter of a mile of the village, he found he was left so far behind that his companions were all out of sight. He was so near home, however, that he did not think there could be any danger, and went on without making any remark. But just as he had got clear of a wood which had bordered the road for some distance, he fancied he heard a noise behind him, and, looking round, saw, to his great terror, a wolf spring from the corner of the road, and tear away after the sledge at the top of his speed.

He was seated in the back of the sledge, and so was nearest to the danger; the driver, a boy, sat in front. The farmer instantly shouted to the boy, "A wolf! a wolf! Drive on for your life; he is almost on us." The boy looked round, and was as much terrified as his master when he saw the monster so close behind them. He shouted to his horses, and whipped them with all his might, in hopes of reaching the village before they should be overtaken. Away flew the horses as if they knew, as they most likely did, what need there was for haste. Away flew the sledge on the slippery road with fearful speed; but the wolf

seemed to know that his only chance of food depended on his overtaking them before they reached the village ; so he, too, quickened his pace. The village was now only two hundred yards off, but the wolf was drawing nearer and nearer, almost near enough to make his fearful spring. Again the farmer looked round, and saw his enemy almost within reach, and fancied he felt his hot breath on his neck. "Faster, faster !" he cried ; "he is on us. For your life, faster." But the horses were doing their utmost, and the sledge was swaying from side to side, and threatening every instant to turn over.

The wolf made his spring ! But almost while he was in the act of doing so, the farmer, as a last chance of safety, huddled his sheepskin-hood over his head, and leant forward. In an instant, the wolf was on him, and gripped with his hideous fangs the thick sheepskin that covered his neck. The farmer was a strong man ; but his bodily strength would have been of little use, if he had not also had ready wit and a stout heart.

You or I, perhaps, would have screamed and tried to shake off both hood and wolf together ; but the farmer in a moment threw up both his hands, clasped them together over the wolf's neck with all his strength, and hugged him to his shoulder. "Faster, drive on !" he shouted again, and away they swept—boy, man, and wolf—as swift almost as the wind.

They thus reached the village ; and the villagers, alarmed by the speed of the horses, and the shouts of the man and boy, rushed out to see what was the matter. "A wolf ! a wolf !" they cried ; but the horses were going so swiftly, that the boy could not pull them up at once. At length, however, he succeeded in stopping them ; and the villagers soon killed the monster with their axes, actually on the

farmer's back. The farmer's hands, it is said, were so stiffened with holding on so tightly, that he could hardly loose them from the dead wolf's neck; but he soon recovered, and went to bed that night, with a heart more than ever thankful to God for the strength and presence of mind which He had so mercifully given to him.

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### THE BLIND MAN.

WEARY and faint, the blind man came  
Unto the cottage door;  
He'd walked so far, his feet were lame,  
And his dog could run no more.

The sun was shining bright and clear,  
But he could not see the sun;  
The rich ripe grapes were hanging near,  
But he perceived not one.

Kind little Mary saw him come,  
And so did John, her brother;  
And quickly to the house they run  
To tell their loving mother.

And soon the little girl appeared,  
With a bowl of milk and bread,  
And Rover's ears were both upreared,  
When he heard her gentle tread.

He watched the bowl with wistful eye,  
And plain as looks could speak,  
He said his tongue was very dry,  
And that hunger made him weak.

Then John brought out some wholesome food—  
He was a generous boy ;  
And in his heart it did him good  
To see poor Rover's joy.

The blind old man was very glad  
When his dog received his share ;  
Full fervently he blessed the lad,  
And thanked kind Mary's care.

And as he rose up to depart,  
He to the children said—  
“ May each preserve a loving heart,  
When age has bleached the head.”

“ And this shall be my daily prayer—  
For I cannot, if I would,  
Ask greater blessings for your share,  
Than the love of doing good.”

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## THE METALS.

THERE is a large number of substances which are called metals ; almost as many, I think, as fifty. But those which are best known, and which are of most use, are gold, silver, copper, mercury, lead, tin, zinc, and iron. The first three, gold, silver, and copper, are used for coins, or money. Gold is always bright, and of a beautiful yellow colour. It is found in most parts of the world, but the greatest quantity is now obtained from the “diggings,” in Australia, New Zealand, and California. Silver is found in Europe and Asia, but the greatest quantity is obtained from South America. Its colour is white ; and it is used to make

crowns, half-crowns, shillings, sixpences, &c. ; as gold is used for sovereigns and half-sovereigns. Copper, which is used for pennies and half-pennies, is got from the west of England, and from mines in Australia and America. It has a kind of red colour, and, besides being used for coins, is mixed with another metal to make brass. It is also beaten out into thin sheets, and fastened to the bottoms of ships, to protect the wood from sea-worms ; and is drawn out into wire, and used for a great many other purposes. Mercury is not like the other metals, for it is not solid as they are, but fluid like water, though very heavy. In colour it is like silver, but rather bluer, and it is often called quicksilver. It is found in large quantities in Spain, and in smaller quantities in many other countries. You may often see it in the glass tubes of weather-glasses ; and it is the substance used to silver the backs of looking-glasses, to make them reflect clearly all images or shadows of objects which fall upon them. Lead is a soft, heavy metal, and of a dull blue colour. It is found in the north and west of England, as well as in many other countries. It is used to make water-pipes, and gas-pipes, and tanks to hold water ; and is rolled out in thin sheets and used to cover the roofs of houses. A great deal of it is also used to make bullets and shot. Perhaps, too, you think it is used to make the pencils which are called lead-pencils ; but that substance is not lead, though it looks a little like it. Tin is a white bright-looking metal, and is found in Cornwall in England, and also in other parts of Europe, and in America and Asia. It is mostly used to coat iron and brass, and so to keep them from being hurt by rust. Tin dishes, and other tin goods, as they are called, are really iron coated with tin, while pins are made of brass which is coated in the same way. Zinc is a very useful metal of a

bluish-white colour, and was first used in China, but is now obtained in large quantities from mines in Europe. It is used for many of the same purposes as lead ; and is also mixed with copper to form brass, that fine yellow metal of which your brass buttons are made. But the most useful of all the metals is iron, which is used for more things than I could tell you the names of. The world could do pretty well, I think, without the other metals ; but what it would do without iron, I cannot tell. It is found in great quantities in almost all parts of the world, and is used in three different states. Cast iron, which is hard and brittle, and is used to make stoves and pans and saucepans ; wrought iron, which is softer but very tough, of which nails are made, and which is used by the smith for horse-shoes and plough-shares ; and steel, which is the hardest of all, and is used for knives and axes and carpenters' tools and soldiers' swords.

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### ORDER AND DISORDER. (*A Fairy Tale.*)

JULIA was a clever, well-disposed little girl, but apt to be very careless. She could learn her lessons very well ; but, in general, as much time was spent in getting her things together as in doing what she was set about. If she had to work, her workbox was sure to be in one place and her reels of cotton in another ; her scissors would be left in her pocket up-stairs, whilst her thimble was rolling about upon the floor. If she had to write, her copy-book could not be found, and her pens were tumbled all about the cupboard. The slate and slate-pencil were never to be found together. If sent for her spelling-book, she would come back with her grammar in her hand ; and when she

ought to have been learning her task, she might usually be found turning over the pages of "Robinson Crusoe," or some other pretty story-book.

Julia's mother was at last quite tired of teaching her ; so she sent her to school under an old lady in the country—a very good and kind woman, but rather strict with young folks. Here, she was shut up in a room by herself every day after breakfast, till she had quite finished the tasks set her. The house in which this old lady lived was sometimes visited by fairies, and one of these, whose name was *Disorder*, was a sad torment to poor Julia. This fairy was a frightful figure to look at, being crooked and squint-eyed, with her hair hanging about her face, and her dress put on all awry, and full of rents and tatters. The old lady let her set Julia her tasks ; so, one morning she came to her with a bag full of threads of silk of all sorts of colours, mixed and entangled together, and a flower very nicely worked in silk, for her to copy. "Here, miss," said she ; "your mistress has sent you a piece of work to do, and she insists upon having it done before you come down to dinner. You will find all you want for it in this bag." Julia took the flower and the bag, and turned out all the silks upon the table. She slowly pulled out a red, and a purple, and a blue, and a yellow, and at length fixed upon one to begin her work with. After making two or three stitches, and looking at her copy, she found another shade was wanted. This was to be hunted out from the bunch, and a long while it took her to find it. It was soon necessary to change this for another, and she saw that, proceeding at this rate, it would take days, instead of hours, to work the flower ; so she laid down the needle, and began to cry. After she had cried for some time, she was startled by the sound of some one stamping on the

floor ; and, taking her handkerchief from her eyes, she spied a small female figure coming towards her. She was as upright as an arrow, and had not so much as a hair out of its place, or the least article of her dress rumpled or disarranged. "My dear," she said, "I heard you crying, and knowing you to be a good girl in the main, I am come to see if I can help you. My name is *Order*, and your mamma is well acquainted with me, though this is the first time you ever saw me. But I hope we shall know one another better for the future." She then jumped upon the table, and, with her wand, gave a tap upon the heap of entangled silk. In a moment the threads began to separate, and arranged themselves in a long row of little skeins, in which all of the same colour were collected together, and those which were nearest in shade placed next each other. And, when she had done this, she disappeared. As soon as Julia's surprise was over, she resumed her work, and found she could go on now with ease and pleasure. She finished the flower by dinner-time, and was much praised for the neatness of her work.

Next day the ill-natured fairy came up with a great book under her arm. "This," said she, "is your mistress's account-book, and she says you must draw out, before dinner, an exact account of what she spent last year in housekeeping, including clothes, rent, taxes, wages, and the like. You must state separately the amount of every article under the heads of baker, butcher, milliner, shoemaker, and so on, and take special care not to miss a single thing which is entered in the book. Here is a quire of paper and a parcel of pens." So saying, with a malicious laugh, she left her. Julia turned pale at the very thought of the task she had to perform. She opened the great book, and saw all the pages closely written, but in the

most confused manner possible. Here was, "Paid Mr Crusty for a week's bread and baking, so much." Then, "Paid Mr Pinchtoe for shoes, so much." "Paid half a year's rent, so much." Then came a butcher's bill, next a milliner's, and then a grocer's. "What shall I do?" cried poor Julia. "Where am I to begin, and how can I possibly pick out all these things? Oh that the good little creature were here again with her wand!" Just as she uttered these words, the fairy *Order* stood before her. "Don't be startled, my dear," said she. "Let me see your book." She turned over a few leaves, and then exclaimed, "I see my cross-grained sister has been playing you a trick. She has brought you the day-book instead of the ledger; but I will set the matter to rights." She then went away, and returned with another book, in which she showed Julia the names of every one of the articles standing at the tops of the pages, and all the particulars entered under them from the day-book; so that there was nothing for her to do but to cast up the sums, and copy out the heads with their amount in single lines. As Julia was quick at figures, she was not long about the work, and took down her account, very neatly written on one sheet of paper, at dinner-time.

Julia's tormentor next day brought her up a large box, full of letters stamped upon small bits of ivory, capitals and common letters of all sorts jumbled together, as if they had been shaken in a bag. "Now, miss," said she, "before you come down to dinner, you must exactly copy out this poem with these ivory letters, placing them line by line on the floor of your room." Julia at first thought that this task would be pretty sport enough, but when she set about it, she found such trouble in hunting out the letters she wanted, that she got on very slowly; and as the poem

was a long one, she thought that night would come before it was finished. *Order*, however, was not far distapt. She gave a tap on the letters with her wand, and they arranged themselves directly into little heaps, in the order of the alphabet, the small letters and the capitals separately. Then her task went on so easily and quickly, that she called up the old lady an hour before dinner to witness its completion. The good lady kissed her, and told her, as she was now sensible of the benefits of *order*, and the inconvenience of *disorder*, she would not confine her any longer to work by herself at set tasks, but would let her come and sit beside her. And Julia, from that time, took such pains to please her, by doing everything with the greatest neatness and regularity, that, by the time she was sent back to her mother, she had corrected all her careless habits; and her mother was quite pleased to have her with her again.

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### THE GLEANER.

BEFORE the bright sun rises over the hill,  
In the corn-field poor Mary is seen,  
Impatient her little blue apron to fill  
With the few scattered ears she can glean.

She never leaves off, or runs out of her place,  
To play and to idle and chat,  
Except now and then just to wipe her hot face,  
And fan herself with her broad hat.

“Poor girl, hard at work in the heat of the sun,  
How tired and warm you must be !  
Why don't you leave off, as the others have done,  
And sit with them under the tree ?”

“ Oh no ! for my mother lies ill in her bed,  
Too feeble to spin or to knit ;  
And my poor little brothers are crying for bread,  
And yet we can't give them a bit.

“ How could I be merry, and idle, and play,  
While they are so hungry and ill ?  
Oh no ! I would rather work hard all the day,  
My little blue apron to fill.”

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## STEAM.

I DARE SAY you have often heard of steam. There are steam-engines, and steam-boats, and steam-guns, and steam-mills for all sorts of purposes—to saw wood, to grind flour, to dress flax. I think steam will soon become so common, that we shall forget that there ever was a time when the use of steam lay undiscovered. And yet it is only about a hundred years ago since James Watt made the first steam-engine which was of any real use. No doubt many people, long before that time, had watched the steam as it poured out of the spout of a tea-kettle or lifted up the lid, and knew its power to burst any vessel in which it was so closely shut up that it could find no way of escape. And many had thought, too, that some device might be contrived to make so great a force of some use to mankind. And more than one had attempted the problem many years before the days of Watt, but none had been able to contrive a way by which it might be turned to useful account. You know that steam is produced from water raised to a great heat by means of fire. The water is placed in a very large vessel, called a *boiler*, many

hundred times as large as a tea-kettle, and under this boiler is a place for the fire, called a *furnace*. But the steam cannot get out of this boiler, as it does out of the kettle by the spout. There is no spout to the boiler. Neither can it lift up the lid or burst the boiler, for the boiler is very strong ; its only way out is by a pipe which leads from the boiler to that part of the steam-engine which is called the *cylinder*. This cylinder is a very large tube, with a rod and a *piston* in it, which fits quite tight inside the cylinder, and is forced up and down by the steam pressing against it with great force. Thus this cylinder somewhat resembles the squirts and pop-guns with which boys sometimes play, and the piston is something like the sucker with which they force out the water from the squirt, or the pellet from the mouth of the pop-gun.

Now, I shall not try to explain the contrivance by which this piston is first pushed up and then pushed down by the steam from the boiler, and how the piston moves the *beam*, and how this turns the wheels, and so the whole engine is set a-going, and made to do the work for which it is intended. You must use your eyes when you see an engine at work, and you will soon be able to find out all that. And then, too, you can learn the use of the *governor*, which is like a great pair of tongs, with the legs stretched out, on the top of the engine, and which regulates the quantity of steam admitted into the engine ; and the *fly-wheel*, which keeps the motion steady ; and the *eccentric*, which opens and shuts the *valves*. I shall only give you two illustrations of the power of steam. A pint of water can be converted into steam by two ounces of coal, and the steam thus produced would have force enough to lift up this schoolroom, and all the boys and girls who are

in it. In Great Britain, at the present time, steam is doing work on railways and in steamships, in mines and in manufactories, which it would have required twelve million horses to do if the art of applying steam-power had never been invented.

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## THE SCOTCH SHEPHERD BOY AND HIS DOG.

ONE Saturday evening, Halbert's mother was very ill. The cottage they lived in was away among the mountains, in the Highlands of Scotland, and far from any path. The snow was falling in large heavy flakes, and Malcolm had taken his long pole, with the intention of setting out to the village, that he might procure some medicine for his wife. "Father," said little Halbert, "I know the sheep-path through the dark glen better than you, and with Shag, who will walk before me, I shall be quite safe; let me go for the doctor, and do you stay and comfort mother." To this Malcolm agreed. And Halbert, who had been always used to the mountains, set out on his journey with Shag, who kept wagging his tail and jumping round his young master with many a frolic and grimace. They went safely on,—Halbert arrived at the village, saw the doctor, received some medicine for his mother, and then commenced his return with a cheerful heart.

Shag went on before to see that all was right. Suddenly, however, he stopped, and began snuffing and smelling about. "Go on, Shag," said Halbert; but Shag would not stir. "Shag, go on, sir," repeated the boy, "we are nearly at the top of the glen, and I can already see the candle glimmer in our cottage window." Shag seemed

obstinate for the first time in his life ; and at last Halbert advanced alone, heedless of the warning growl of his companion. He had proceeded but a few steps when he fell over a precipice, which was hidden from his sight by a snow-wreath.

In the meanwhile Malcolm snuffed the little candle again and again which he had placed in the window as a guide, or beacon, to his son in his dark and dangerous walk. Then he put more wood upon the fire, and tried to comfort his poor wife, though his own heart was sadly anxious all the while. Often did he go to the door, but no footstep sounded on the crackling ice, no figure could be seen on the wide waste of snow. "Perhaps the doctor is not at home, and he is waiting for him," said his mother, who felt so uneasy at her child's absence that she almost forgot her own pain. At last, when it was nearly midnight, Malcolm heard the well-known bark of the faithful Shag. "My son! my son!" cried both parents at the same moment—the cottage door opened, and Shag entered without his master. "My brave boy has perished in the snow!" exclaimed the mother. At the same moment the father saw a small packet fastened round the neck of the dog, who was lying panting upon the floor. "Our boy lives," he cried: "here is the medicine tied with his handkerchief; he has fallen into one of the pits, but he is safe. Trust in God. I will go out, and Shag will lead me to the place that I may save my child." In an instant Shag was again on his feet, and manifested the greatest joy as they started together from the cottage.

Shag went on straight and steadily for some distance, and then suddenly turned down a path which led to the bottom of the crag over which Halbert had fallen. The way down was steep and dangerous, and Malcolm was

frequently obliged to support himself by the frozen branches of the trees. Fortunately, however, the snow had ceased to fall, and the clouds were fast drifting away from the moon. At last, Malcolm stood at the opposite side of the pit into which his son had fallen. He called aloud,—he strained his eyes, but could neither hear nor see anything. Shag was making his way down an almost perpendicular path, and Malcolm resolved to follow at any risk. Having reached the bottom, Shag scrambled to a ledge of rock which was nearly hidden by the snow, and began to whine and scratch in a strange and violent manner. Malcolm still followed him, and, after some search, he found what appeared to be the dead body of his son. He hastily tore off the jacket, which was soaked with blood and snow, and, wrapping Halbert in his plaid, strapped him across his shoulders, and with much toil and difficulty reascended to the path at the top. When he reached home, Halbert was placed in his mother's bed; and, after some time, was aroused from the torpid and dangerous sleep which the severe cold of the night had brought on him. He was much bruised, and his ankle was out of joint, but he had received no other serious hurt. When he recovered his senses, he fixed his eyes on his mother, and his first words were, "Thank God! but did you get the medicine, mother?" When he fell, Shag had descended after him, and the affectionate son used the little strength he had left to tie the bottle, which the doctor had given him, round the neck of the dog, and sent him home with it.

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## TRY AGAIN;

OR,

## KING ROBERT BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

KING BRUCE of Scotland flung himself down  
In a lonely mood to think ;  
'Tis true he was monarch, and wore a crown,  
But his heart was beginning to sink.

For he had been trying to do a great deed,  
To make his people glad ;  
He had tried and tried, but couldn't succeed,  
And so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair,  
As grieved as man could be ;  
And after a while, as he pondered there,  
"I'll give it all up," said he.

Now just at the moment a spider dropped,  
With its silken cobweb clue ;  
And the King in the midst of his thinking stopped  
To see what the spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome,  
And it hung by a rope so fine,  
That how it would get to its cobweb home,  
King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl  
Straight up with strong endeavour,  
But down it came, with a slipping sprawl,  
As near to the ground as ever.

Up, up it ran, not a second it stayed  
To utter the least complaint,  
Till it fell still lower, and there it lay  
A little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady—again it went,  
And travelled a half yard higher ;  
'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread,  
And a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell and swung below,  
But again it quickly mounted,  
Till up and down, now fast, now slow,  
Nine brave attempts were counted.

" Sure," cried the King, " that foolish thing  
Will strive no more to climb,  
When it toils so hard to reach and cling,  
And tumbles every time."

But up the insect went once more—  
Ah me ! 'tis an anxious minute ;  
He's only a foot from his cobweb door—  
Oh ! say will he lose or win it ?

Steadily, steadily, inch by inch,  
Higher and higher he got,  
And a bold little run at the very last pinch,  
Put him into his native spot.

" Bravo ! bravo !" the King cried out,  
" All honour to those who try.  
The spider up there defied despair ;  
He conquered, and why shouldn't I ?"

And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind,  
And gossips tell the tale,  
That he tried once more as he tried before,  
And that time he did not fail.

Pay goodly heed, all ye who read,  
And beware of saying, "I can't ;"  
'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead  
To Idleness, Folly, and Want.

Whenever you find your heart despair  
Of doing some goodly thing,  
Con over this strain, try bravely again,  
And remember the Spider and King.

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## SUGAR.

MOST sugar is made from the sugar-cane, which is a grass or reed-like plant, growing to the height of twelve feet, or more. It is raised in almost all hot countries ; and the care of the plant, and the preparation of the sugar, which is made from its juice, employ a great number of people. For fresh cuttings have to be planted in the fields every year, and the land must be frequently hoed, to keep down the weeds, which grow so fast in hot climates. When the stalks, or canes, have grown to their full height, they are cut down and chopped into short lengths, and then squeezed in a strong mill, between iron rollers, to make all the juice run out. Then this juice is boiled and skimmed a great many times, in order to remove all dirt, and other substances which would spoil the sugar. After this, it stands for a long time in a vat to crystallise, and then is

poured into casks with holes in them, through which the liquid part, called molasses, may drain off. The molasses is also put into casks, to be sold ; and I daresay you have often tasted it, though perhaps under the name of treacle, as it is generally called in the shops. The sugar, which is made in the way I have now described, is that which is called raw sugar, or moist sugar ; but the fine white sugar, which is called loaf-sugar, or lump-sugar, is made from this raw sugar, by boiling it again and again a great many times, and removing all impurities, until the syrup becomes quite white.

But sugar is also got from other plants besides the sugar-cane. There are some large trees from the juice of which much sugar is manufactured. One of these is the American maple, called the sugar-maple. The juice is got by boring a hole in the trunk of the tree at the proper season of the year, and it is made into sugar in much the same way as the juice of the sugar-cane.

A great deal of sugar, too, is now made from a kind of beet-root, called the sugar-beet. This, you know, is a root, or stem, which grows in the ground, like the carrot and parsnip ; and this can be grown, and good sugar made from it, in countries which are much too cold for the sugar-cane, such as England and New Zealand.

I need not tell you all the uses to which sugar is put ; for you could tell me, I know, many things that it is used for, such as to make sugar-candy and lollies, and to sweeten your tea, or the puddings which you eat at dinner. But I will tell you one other thing that is made from it, which neither looks nor tastes like sugar, nor has any of the good and nourishing qualities which sugar has. It is a strong dark spirit called rum, which soon makes those drunk who take much of it. This is generally made

from the skimmings which are taken from the juice while it is being boiled, and sometimes from molasses.

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## THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

ONE delightful evening in summer, when the setting sun was gilding the tops of the opposite hills, a traveller, with sun-burnt cheeks and dusty feet, though strong and active, and with a knapsack on his back, was standing upon a hill which he had climbed, and gazing down upon the plain below. Suddenly he dropped down upon one knee, and, clasping his hands, exclaimed, "Welcome, welcome, my dear native land! Many a sweet spot have I seen since I left thee, but none so sweet as thou!" When he rose, he descended again into the plain, and soon overtook a little group of children, merrily walking along the path, and stopping, now and then, to gather berries in the hedge. "Where are you going, my dears?" asked Edward, for that was the traveller's name. "We are going home," they all replied. "And where is that?" "Why, to Summerton, that town there among the trees, just before us. Don't you see it?"—"I see it well," answered Edward, with tears standing in his eyes. "And what is your name—and yours—and yours?" The little ones told their names, and Edward's heart leapt at the well-known sounds. "And what is your name, my dear?" said he to a pretty girl, rather older than the rest, who hung back shyly, and held the hand of a ruddy white-headed boy. "It is Rose Walsingham, and this is my younger brother Roger."—"Walsingham!" exclaimed Edward, and, clasping the girl round the neck, he surprised her with two or three very close kisses. He then lifted up

little Roger, and almost devoured him. Roger seemed as if he wanted to be set down again, but Edward told him he would carry him home.

"And can you show me the house you live at, Rose?" said Edward. "Yes, it is just there, beside the pond, with the great barn before it and the orchard behind." "And will you take me home with you, Rose?"—"If you please," answered Rose, hesitatingly. They walked on, and Edward said but little, for his heart was full, but he frequently kissed little Roger. Coming at length to a stile from which a path led across a little paddock, Rose said, "This is the way to our house." The other children went on. Edward put Roger down, and got over the stile, but still kept hold of the boy's hand. When they approached the house, an old mastiff came running to meet the children. He looked up at Edward rather sourly, and gave a little growl; when, all at once, his countenance changed; he leapt upon him, licked his hand, wagging his tail and seeming quite overcome with joy. Edward stooped down, patted his head, and cried, "Poor Captain! what! are you alive yet?" Rose was surprised that the stranger and their dog should so recognise one another.

When they entered the house, a good-looking middle-aged woman was busy preparing dinner, assisted by her grown-up daughter. She spoke to the children, as they came in; and, seeing Edward, she inquired of him what his business was. He was some time silent; at length, with a faltering voice, he cried, "Have you then forgotten me, mother?"—"Edward! my son Edward!" exclaimed the good woman, and they were instantly locked in each other's arms. "My brother Edward," said Molly; and took her turn for an embrace, as soon as her mother gave

her room. "Are you my brother?" said Rose. "That I am," replied Edward, with another kiss. Little Roger looked hard at him, but said nothing. News of Edward's arrival soon flew across the yard, and in came his father from the barn, his next brother Thomas, and the next William. The old man fell upon his neck and kissed him; and Edward had not hands enough for them all to shake. Then an aged white-headed labourer came in, and held out his shrivelled hand, to which Edward gave a hearty squeeze. "God bless you," said old Isaac; "this is the best day I have seen this many a year."

"And where have you been this long while?" cried the father. "Eight years and more," added the mother. His elder brother took off the knapsack, and Molly brought him a chair. Edward seated himself, and they all gathered round him. The old dog got within the circle, and lay at his feet. "Oh, how glad I am to see you all again?" were Edward's first words. "How well you look, mother! but father grows thinner. As for the rest, I should have known none of you, unless it had been Thomas and old Isaac."—"What a sunburnt face you have got! but you look brave and hearty," cried his mother.

"Ay, mother; I have been enough in the sun, I assure you. From seventeen to five and twenty I have been a wanderer upon the face of the earth, and I have seen more in that time than many men in the whole course of their lives. Our young landlord, as you know, took such a liking to me at school, that he would have me go with him upon his travels. We went through most of the countries of Europe, and at last to Naples, where my poor master took a fever and died. I never knew what grief was till then; and I believe the thought of leaving me in a strange country went as much to his heart as his illness. An in-

timate acquaintance of his, a rich young West Indian, seeing my distress, engaged me to go with him in a voyage he was about to make to Jamaica. We were too short a time in England before we sailed, for me to come and see you first, but I wrote you a letter from the Downs.”—“We never received it,” said his father.—“That was a great pity,” returned Edward, “for you must have thought that I was either dead, or that I had forgotten you. Well ; we arrived safe in the West Indies, and there I stayed till I had buried that master too ; for young men die fast in that country. I was very well treated, but I could never like the place, and yet Jamaica is a very fine island, and has many good people in it. But for me, used to see free men work cheerfully along with their masters, to behold nothing but droves of black slaves in the fields, toiling in the burning sun, under the constant dread of the lash of hard-hearted taskmasters,—it was what I could not bring myself to bear ; and though I might have been overseer of a plantation, I chose rather to live in a town, and follow some domestic occupation. I should soon have got rich there, but I fell into a bad state of health, and people were dying all round me of the yellow fever ; so, I collected my little property, and, though a war had broken out, ventured to embark with it for England. The ship was taken and carried into Havanna, and so I lost all I had, and my liberty besides. However, I had the good fortune to get into favour with a Spanish merchant, whom I had known at Jamaica, and he took me with him to the continent of South America. Afterwards I accompanied him across the great Southern Ocean, on a voyage of several months, during most of which we saw nothing but water and sky. We came to the rich city of Manilla, the capital of the Spanish settlements in those

parts ; and there I had my liberty restored, along with a handsome reward for my services. I got from thence to China, and from China to the English settlements in the East Indies, where the sight of my countrymen, and the sound of my native tongue, made me fancy myself almost at home again, though still separated from it by half the globe. Having remained here a considerable time, I, at length, gladly set my face homewards, and joined a company who undertook the long and perilous journey to Europe overland. We crossed vast tracts, both desert and cultivated, and sandy plains parched with heat, and infested by bands of robbers. I have seen a well of muddy water more valued than ten camel-loads of treasure ; and a few half-naked horsemen strike more terror than a king with all his guards. As I came nearer my native land, I grew more and more impatient to reach it ; and when I had set foot on it, I was still more restless till I should see again my beloved home.

“Here I am at last, safe and sound, and have brought enough of my honest gains to furnish a small farm in this district, where I mean to settle and spend the rest of my days, in the midst of those whom I love better than all the world besides.”

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## THE FATE OF THE OAK.

THE owl to her mate is calling ;  
The river his hoarse song sings ;  
But the oak is marked for falling,  
That has stood for a hundred springs.

Hark ! a blow, and a dull sound follows ;  
A second—he bows his head ;  
A third—and the wood's dark hollows  
Now know that their king is dead.

His arms from his trunk are riven ;  
His body all barked and squared ;  
And now, like a felon he's driven  
In chains to the strong dockyard !  
He's sawn through the middle, and framed  
For the ribs of a frigate free ;  
And he's caulked, and pitched, and named  
And now—he is fit for sea !

Oh ! now—with his wings outspread,  
Like a ghost (if a ghost may be),  
He will triumph again, though dead,  
And be dreaded in every sea :  
The lightning will blaze about,  
And wrap him in flaming pride :  
And the thunder-loud cannon will shout,  
In the fight, from his bold broad-side.

And when he has fought, and won,  
And been honoured from shore to shore ;  
And his journey on earth is done,—  
Why, what can he ask for more ?  
There is nought that a king can claim,  
Or a poet or warrior bold,  
Save a rhyme and a short-lived name,  
And to mix with the common mould !

## THE STARS.

YOU cannot tell me how many stars there are in the sky; there are more than any of us could count. And yet they are all as large as, or much larger than, the world we live on. They look so small, because they are so far away—millions and millions of miles. Astronomers, as we call those who study the stars, have divided them into groups, and given to each group a name, such as the Great Bear, the Lion, the Eagle, Orion, and the Southern Cross. These stars do not move, although, as the earth keeps turning round from west to east, they *seem*, like the sun and moon, to rise in the east and to set in the west. But there are some stars in the sky, or planets as they are called, which do really move, so that sometimes they may be seen in one of the groups of stars, and sometimes in another. There are upwards of twenty of these planets, but they are all too small to be seen by the naked eye, excepting eight, of which our Earth is one, the others being Jupiter, which is the largest, Saturn, Neptune, Uranus, Venus, Mars, and Mercury. I have said that our earth is one of the planets; and so, of course, if we could view it from such a distance as we view the rest, it would look to us, just as they do, like a common star. All these planets move round and round the sun—which is a great deal larger than any of them; and several of them, like our earth, have moons which move round them, just as they move round the sun. It is the bright light of the sun shining upon these planets, and their moons, which makes them look so bright. If the sun did not shine upon them, we should not see them at all. Our moon is not nearly so large as the sun, nor even nearly so large as the earth itself. It takes a month to complete its journey round the earth, while the earth takes a year

to complete its journey round the sun. When the moon gets between the earth and the sun, it hides some of the sun's light from us, and we say there is an eclipse of the sun; and when the earth is between the sun and the moon, it in like manner hides the sun's light from the moon, and we say there is an eclipse of the moon. When the moon is so placed that we can only see a small part of the sun's light which shines upon it, we call it new moon; and when we can see all the sun's light upon it, we call it full moon.

Besides the fixed stars, and the sun, and the planets, and their moons, there is a kind of strange wandering stars, called comets, which are only seen for a short time now and then, —sometimes at intervals of years. These look much like the stars, but sometimes have very long fiery-looking tails, or trains, behind them, and sometimes they are surrounded by fiery streamers, which give them a hairy appearance.

Such are some of the wonders you behold, when you look up at the starry sky.

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## THE TWO BROTHERS.

A LONG time ago, when many people went to South America, in the hope of finding mines of gold and silver, there was a young Spaniard, named Pizarro, who had a great desire to try his fortune like the rest; but, as he had an elder brother of whom he was very fond, he went to him to tell him of his design, and said if he would go with him, he would gladly give him half of all the treasures he should find. This brother, whose name was Alonzo, was a wise and contented man, and did not much approve of his brother's plans; but, as he could not persuade Pizarro to

give them up, he at last agreed to go with him, but told him at the same time, that he wanted no part of the riches, and would ask no more than to be allowed to take his baggage and a few servants on board the vessel with him. Pizarro then sold all that he had, bought a vessel, and embarked with some others, who, like himself, expected soon to become very rich. As to Alonzo, he took nothing with him but a few ploughs, harrows, and other tools, and some corn, together with a large quantity of potatoes, and some vegetable seed.

After sailing for some time with fair winds, they put into the last port at which they were to stop before they came to the country where they were to search for gold. Here Pizarro bought a great number more of pickaxes, shovels, and various other tools for digging, melting, and refining the gold he expected to find. Alonzo, on the contrary, bought only a few sheep and four stout oxen with their harness.

As it happened, they met with a prosperous voyage, and all landed in perfect health in America. Alonzo then told his brother, that as he had only come to accompany him and serve him, he would stay near the shore with his servants and cattle, while he went to search for gold; and that as soon as he had got as much gold as he wished for, he should be quite ready to return with him again to Spain.

Pizarro and his party then set out. They travelled several days' march across the country; sometimes obliged to cross rivers; at others, to pass mountains and traverse forests, where they could find no paths; sometimes scorched by the violent heat of the sun, and then wetted to the skin by violent showers of rain. All this, however, did not discourage them from trying in several places for gold; and

they were at length so lucky as to find a considerable quantity of it. This success encouraged them so much, that they continued working upon that spot, till all their provisions were consumed ; they obtained each day a large quantity of the metal, but then they suffered very much from hunger. Still they persevered in their work, and lived upon such roots and berries as they could find. At last, even these failed them ; and after several had died from want and hardship, the rest were just able to crawl back to the place where they had left Alonzo, carrying with them the gold, for which they had suffered so much misery.

Now, Alonzo, in the meanwhile, had selected a fit spot of considerable extent, and very fertile soil, which, by the help of his servants, he ploughed up with the oxen he had provided. He then sowed the different seeds he had brought, and planted the potatoes, all of which yielded him a most abundant harvest. His sheep he had turned out upon some fine grass near the sea, and most of them had brought him a couple of lambs. Besides this, he and his servants employed themselves at leisure times in fishing ; and the fish they had caught were all dried, and salted with salt they had obtained from the sea water ;—so that by the time of his brother's return, he had laid up a large store of provisions.

When Pizarro arrived, Alonzo received him with the greatest kindness, and asked him what success he had had. Pizarro told him that they had found an immense quantity of gold, but that several had died from want of food, and the rest were almost starved. He then requested his brother to give them something to eat, and assured him he had tasted no food for the last two days, excepting roots and the bark of trees. Alonzo very coolly answered,

that they had agreed on setting out not to interfere the one with the other ; that he had never desired any share of the gold which Pizarro might obtain ; and therefore he wondered that Pizarro should ask for a share of the provisions, which he had procured with so much care and labour. " But," added he, " if you choose to exchange some of the gold you have found for my provisions, I shall perhaps be able to accommodate you." Pizarro thought this very unkind of his brother ; but as he and his companions were starving, they were obliged to comply, although Alonzo's charges were so high, that in a very short time they had parted with all their gold merely to purchase food. Alonzo then proposed to embark again for Spain, in the vessel which had brought them, as the winds were favourable ; but Pizarro, with an angry look, replied that, since he had thus taken from him all that he had gained, and treated him so unkindly, he would rather perish upon that desert shore, than embark with so cruel a brother. Upon this Alonzo, instead of getting angry at these words, embraced him with much affection, and said, " Could you then believe, my dearest brother, that I really meant to deprive you of the fruits of all your labour ? Perish rather all the gold in the world, than that I should so behave to my dearest brother ! But I saw that you were too eager and anxious for riches, and wished you to learn, as you have now done, that, without foresight and industry, all the gold which you might procure could not prevent you from distress and perhaps a miserable death. You are now wiser ; so take back your riches, and let us embark together for Spain."

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## THE ORPHAN BOY.

STAY, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,  
And hear a helpless orphan's tale !  
Ah ! sure my looks must pity wake !  
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale.  
Yet I was once a mother's pride,  
And my brave father's hope and joy ;  
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,—  
And I am now a orphan boy.

Poor foolish child ! how pleased was I,  
When news of Nelson's victory came,  
Along the crowded streets to fly,  
And see the lighted windows flame !  
To force me home my mother sought,  
She could not bear to see my joy ;  
For with my father's life 'twas bought,  
And made me a poor orphan boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud ;  
My mother shuddering closed her ears ;  
" Rejoice ! rejoice ! " still cried the crowd ;  
My mother answered with her tears.  
" Oh ! why do tears steal down your cheek, "  
Cried I, " while others shout for joy ? "  
She kissed me, and, in accents weak,  
She called me her poor orphan boy.

" What is an orphan boy ? " I said,  
When suddenly she gasped for breath ;  
And her eyes closed ;—I shrieked for aid,—  
But, ah ! her eyes were closed in death !

My hardships since I will not tell ;  
But now, no more a parent's joy—  
Ah, lady ! I have learnt too well,  
What 'tis to be an orphan boy.

Oh, were I by your bounty fed !  
Nay, gentle lady ! do not chide !  
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread—  
The sailor's orphan boy has pride.  
Lady, you weep :—what is 't you say ?  
You 'll give me clothing, food, employ ?—  
Look down, dear parents ! look and see  
Your happy, happy orphan boy.

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## THE FOUR LAST SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND.

IN the year 1760, George the Second was succeeded by his grandson, George the Third. At that time, the country which is now called the United States of America belonged to the King of England, for it was then a British colony. The first people who, with their families, settled in it (except, of course, the native Indians), came from England, while it was in a wild uncultivated state, and they had made it a great and powerful country. But in King George the Third's reign a quarrel arose between the colony and the British Government, and then a war broke out, which lasted eight years, and ended by the Americans becoming free and independent, and combining together under the name of the United States of America. But there was a still more dreadful war at this time between England and France, which lasted for twenty-two years.

This terrible war, in which all Europe was at last engaged, began in the year 1793, and was carried on till the year 1815. Many great battles were won by the English during this war, both by sea and land ; but the greatest victories of all were the naval battle of Trafalgar, in which the brave Admiral Nelson lost his life, and the battle of Waterloo, won by the Duke of Wellington, which put an end to the war altogether, and was fought June 18th, 1815. Since that time great Britain has enjoyed more peace and prosperity than at any other period of her history. Wonderful improvements have been made in all the arts and sciences ; the people are, in general, much better educated ; and all the comforts of life are more plentiful, and more easily obtained, because they are cheaper ; for since that war was ended, many heavy taxes have been taken off things which people eat, drink, wear, and use.

George the Third died in 1820, when his son, George the Fourth, became king ; though he had already governed the country for ten years, under the title of Prince Regent, because his father was in very bad health. During this reign, gaslights and steam-boats were first brought into general use ; but there were no railways till after the death of George the Fourth, which happened in 1830.

Travelling on railroads by steam is the grandest invention of this age, and has been of more benefit to the world than any other discovery ever made, if we except the art of printing. The speed with which people can now travel enables them to visit places they never would have seen, if railways and steam-vessels had not been invented. And besides this, much more business is done ; letters and goods are conveyed in a shorter time to and from distant places ; and people gain more knowledge by seeing more of the world.

George the Fourth was succeeded by his brother, William the Fourth. Two very important measures were passed in his reign. One was called the Reform Bill, which greatly increased the number of voters, or electors of members of Parliament : the other was for the total abolition of slavery in the West Indies, and other British colonies. You know, I daresay, that many thousands of negroes used to be employed as slaves in the plantations of Jamaica and the other West Indian Islands. Now, it had long been thought very wicked to keep people in slavery ; so at last our Parliament passed a law that all the slaves should be made free ; and, in order that their owners might be paid for their losses, the British Government voted a very large sum of money. The slaves were set free on the 1st of August 1834 ; which was a joyful day to many thousands of negroes and their poor little black children.

William the Fourth died in the year 1837, when his niece, her present Majesty Queen Victoria, came to the throne. She was crowned in Westminster Abbey in the next year ; and in 1840 she was married to Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg.

At the present time, there is no country in the world equal to Great Britain, for its wealth and commerce, arts and manufactures ; and there is no city in Europe equal to London, for its large size and the number of its inhabitants. Many great inventions have been made during the reign of Queen Victoria, and the power of steam has been applied to a multitude of fresh uses. Two of the greatest and most interesting of these inventions, are the Telegraph, by means of which we can send messages instantaneously to friends who are many miles away from us ; and the art of Photography, by which exact pictures can be taken of people, or any other objects, by means of light reflected

through a lens, and imprinting the object upon a piece of paper, or other substance, which has been properly prepared for the purpose.

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### THE THREE GARDENS.

THERE were once three boys, George, Charles, and James, and one day the father said to them, "Come, boys, into the garden with me, and I will give you each a piece of ground to cultivate, in which you can grow whatever plants you please ; and when summer comes, I will give a reward to the one who has kept his garden in the best order, and has most flowers growing in it."—"Thank you, papa," said all the boys ; "we shall like that very much. Where are the plots which you intend to give us ?"—"Here is a nice piece of ground," said their father, "which has been already dug ; and now you must rake off the stones, and make the earth even and smooth ; and when it is quite ready, I will give you each a shilling, that you may buy what kinds of seeds you like best. You must sow them with your own hands, and transplant them when they need it, as soon as they are large enough. You must water them too, and tie them fast to sticks when they are too tall to stand alone ; and you must do all the work that is necessary yourselves."

"But how," said George, "shall we know what work we ought to do in our gardens ?"—"Well," said their father, "I will come sometimes and look on, and give you my advice, if you like to have it ; but still, I shall leave you quite to yourselves ; and, therefore, I warn you now, that you must be very careful to do what is necessary at the right time, and not to put off till to-morrow that which should be done to-day. It will be of no use, for instance,

to water your plants when they are dead, or to tie them up when they have once been broken. Now, let each choose his own garden. George is oldest, let him choose first ; then Charles ; and James shall have the one which is left, which will be quite as good as either of the others, for there is little difference between them."

Then George chose his plot, because, he said, there were so few stones upon it. Then Charles chose that which was nearest to the pond, that he might not have to go far to fetch water. And then James took that which was left, and which was between the other two. Thereupon each set hard to work with his rake, and soon they made their gardens so level and smooth, that they thought they might ask their father for the shillings which he had promised them to buy seeds with. Their father at once gave them the money, and also brought out a list of all the seeds which were kept at a neighbouring store, that they might settle beforehand what kind they would purchase.

"I suppose," he said, "you will all like to grow your own mustard, and cress, and radishes. The first two you must sow in rows, not too close, some now, and some a fortnight hence ; the radishes you must sprinkle about, and if they come up too thick, you must thin them out. I will give you a few lettuce plants, and then, in two or three weeks' time, you will be able to gather a salad of your own growing. It will not do for you to grow any other kitchen-garden plants ; turnips, carrots, cabbages, potatoes, and such things, take up so much room, that they would leave no space for flowers. Now, we must choose from this long list the names of nine sorts of flowers. First of all comes mignonette, not so much for its prettiness, but because it smells so sweetly, and lasts for so long a time. Then comes nemophila, a very pretty low plant, with either

large blue flowers, or white ones spotted with black. You cannot have anything prettier than these; and if you save their seeds, and sow them again in the autumn, they will flower very early the next spring. Next are ten-weeks'-stocks of different colours; they may be sown all together, and planted out, in patches of six or eight. Sweet peas ought to have been sown last autumn; but they will do very well now, though they will be rather late in flowering. They should be sown together in the centre of your bed, because they grow tall, and if planted near the edge, would hide the other plants. At a short distance from them, and also near the middle of the bed, you can sow a patch of convolvulus major. They will bear beautiful large trumpet-shaped flowers, and climb to the top of a very tall, stout stick. Convolvulus minor is a shorter plant, but also very pretty. I should also recommend you to have some China-asters, which may be planted in groups of five or six. They will come into flower when most of the others are dying off, and will last almost till winter. You may also have some dwarf larkspur, which bears very showy flowers of several different tints. There are plenty of others, which are well suited for your gardens, and which are easy to grow, but I think these are as many as you can buy with your shillings."—"But, papa," said George, "why could we not each buy different seeds, and then each give a part to the other?"—"I have no objection," said their father, "if your brothers agree. What do you say to it, Charles?"—"I would rather have my garden all to myself," replied Charles, rather sulkily. "I don't like going into partnership. I would rather have different sorts from George's and James's."—"But, George," said little James, "I will divide with you. Do you buy the sorts that papa has mentioned, and I will buy nine

other kinds. Then you shall give me half of yours, and I will give you half of mine."—"I think," said the father, "that is a very wise and friendly plan, and I will gladly help you to choose some other useful sorts. Hibiscus is a very pretty flower, of a kind of cream colour, and with a large dark eye. Eschscholtzia, though it has a hard name, is a pretty flower, of an orange colour, and something like a poppy in its shape. Then there are German-asters, Zinnias and Coreopsis; and if you like to look forward to next spring, you might buy some seeds which will not produce flowers before that time, such as wallflower and polyanthuses. And these, if you want to save room, you can sow in an old box or a large flower-pot, and plant them out in the autumn. But take care to let the box or pot stand in some place where you can frequently see it, for the earth in it will become dry much sooner than that in the open ground; and if you forget to water plants they will soon die."

Next morning they all went off to buy their seeds. George and James went together to the store; and as they had written out a list beforehand, they soon returned with their packets, and set to work in their gardens. They first marked off a piece of ground for the radishes, and when they had scattered the seed thinly upon it, they raked the earth carefully, so as to cover it in. Then they made a little trench round the radish-bed, and dropped in the cress at one end, and the mustard at the other, and then filled up the trench again with earth. After this they put in their flower-seeds, and marked each with a label bearing the name of the seed.

Now, I must leave them at work to tell you what Charles was about all this time. He had not a very good temper, as we have already seen, and liked to do things in his own way, without taking advice; and the consequence was that

he always got on very badly. He wished his garden to be different from his brothers', and thought, too, that it would be a great deal better ; but in this he was mistaken, as we shall see. So, when he got to the store, he would not buy any of the same sorts as his brothers did, except some radishes, and a little mustard and cress. He did not know what to buy ; but he looked at the list, and the only names he knew were cabbages, turnips, carrots, beetroot, scarlet-runners, kidney-beans, and peas ; so he bought some of each of these, and also some sunflower seed ; and then, having a little money left, and seeing some walnuts on the counter, he spent the rest of his money on them. When he reached home, he found his brothers had nearly finished sowing their seeds ; and as he did not want them to know what kinds he had bought, he put his hurriedly into the ground, without labels to any of them, and then scattered the radish-seed on the top, without taking the trouble to rake it into the ground.

Next morning George and James were early at their gardens, half expecting to find that their seeds had made a start during the night. Charles, however, stayed in the house ; and soon James came running back and called out, "Charles, you had better come and rake your radish-bed ; we have just frightened off a whole flock of birds." Charles immediately ran down in great dismay, and found the report was but too true. The birds had made a hearty meal on his radish-seeds, and scarcely one of them was left. In the other gardens they had done no mischief, for there the seeds, being covered with earth, were hidden from their sight. This was his first disappointment, and there were plenty more in store for him. But I must pass on now to the summer time, and tell you how each boy's garden looked then.

In the month of December, when gardens are generally most showy, George's plot of ground was as bright and gay as any one could wish a garden to be. The only fault, perhaps, was that the plants were too close together ; but this he remedied to a great degree by cutting flowers from the thickest parts, and taking a nosegay into the house, almost every morning. As soon, too, as the nemophilas had done flowering, he pulled up their stalks, and so left more room for the later flowers. In short, his garden looked very well till the beginning of May ; and even then there were some flowers to be seen. James managed his garden nearly as well, but being younger than his brother, he was not so wise in everything. He took it into his head several times, that some of his plants would look better in other places than those in which he had first set them ; so he transplanted them, when they were in flower ; and the consequence was, that they withered and died. His garden, however, was, on the whole, very pretty ; and he was able to cut a great many good nosegays too. But you would have been amused to see Charles's garden at the same season. The only flower-seeds he had bought were sunflowers, and these stood in a single row all across his garden, and so close together, that they could not spread out and grow to their natural size, but shot up with weak thin stems, and very poor small flowers. The vegetable seeds which he had sown came up in one tangled mass, and choked one another, so that they could not grow at all ; and not one of his walnuts came up, for they were too old for sowing, and only sold to be eaten. I hope, however, though he got so little from his garden, that he learnt to be more sociable and wise for the future, and to listen to good advice, and join in the occupations, amusements, and pleasures of his brothers and other friends, and

to give up thinking that he always knew better than any one else could do.

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## THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

THE stately homes of England,  
How beautiful they stand !  
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,  
O'er all the pleasant land !  
The deer across their greensward bound,  
Through shade and sunny gleam ;  
And the swan glides past them with the sound  
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England !  
Around their hearths by night,  
What gladsome looks of household love  
Meet in the ruddy light !  
There woman's voice flows forth in song,  
Or childhood's tale is told ;  
Or lips move tunefully along  
Some glorious page of old.

The cottage homes of England !  
By thousands on her plains,  
They are smiling o'er the silv'ry brook,  
And round the hamlet-fanes ;  
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,  
Each from its nook of leaves ;  
And fearless there the lowly sleep,  
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free fair homes of England !  
Long, long in hut and hall,  
May hearts of native proof be reared  
To guard each hallowed wall.  
And green for ever be the groves,  
And bright the flowery sod,  
Where first the child's glad spirit loves  
Its country and its God.

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## P A P E R.

WHAT a useful substance paper is ! Without it we should have no books, or newspapers, or letters, or copy-books to write in. I am going to tell you how it is made. Most of it is made from rags of linen, or of cotton, which have once been worn as clothes, but which, when worn out, are sold to the rag-merchant, who sells them again to the manufacturer of paper. These rags have first to be well washed, to get rid of all the dirt, and then they must be bleached, to get rid of their colours, if they are not white. Next they are taken to the paper-mill, in which they are torn to pieces by sharp iron teeth, and at last brought into the state of a very white, soft, thin pulp. To improve the colour, a little smalt is then put in, which gives a bluish tinge ; and if the paper is intended for printing, the pulp is often mixed with a kind of glue, made from skins and horns, called size—though writing-paper is not sized before it is made into sheets—and starch too is sometimes used, mixed with other substances. Without this size the paper would not bear the ink, but the ink would run upon it, as it does upon blotting-paper, which never has any size.

*R.* Oh ! I went, sir, to Broom-heath, and so round by the windmill upon Camp-mount, and then home through the meadows by the river side.

*Mr A.* And a very pleasant walk, too !

*R.* I thought it very dull, sir, for I scarcely met a single person. I would much sooner have gone along the turn-pike road.

*Mr A.* Why, if seeing men and horses is your object, you would no doubt see more of them on the high-road. But did you see anything of William ?

*R.* Yes ; we set out together, but he lagged behind in the lane, so I walked on and left him.

*Mr A.* Well, that was a pity, for he would have been company for you.

*R.* Oh, he is so tedious, always stopping to look at this thing and that ; I had rather walk alone. I daresay he is not come home yet.

*Mr A.* No ; but here he comes. Well, William, tell me where you have been.

*W.* Oh, sir, the pleasantest walk ! I went all over Broom-heath, and so up to the windmill at the hill-top, and then down among the green meadows by the side of the river.

*Mr A.* Why, that is the same round that Robert has been taking, and he complains that it was very dull, and says he would prefer the high-road.

*W.* I wonder at that. I am sure I hardly took a step that did not delight me, and I have brought home my pocket-handkerchief full of curiosities.

*Mr A.* Suppose, then, you give us some account of what amused you so much. I fancy it will be as new to Robert as to me.

*W.* I will, sir. The lane leading to the heath, you know,

is close and sandy ; so I did not mind it much, but made the best of my way. I spied, however, a curious thing in the hedge. It was an old crab-tree, out of which grew a great bunch of something green, quite different from the tree itself. This is a branch of it.

*Mr A.* Ah ! this is mistletoe, the plant which the Druids used so much, in days of old, in their religious services. It bears a very slimy white berry, and is one of those plants which, instead of growing in the ground, fasten themselves always upon other plants.

*W.* A little farther on, I saw a green woodpecker fly to a tree, and run up the trunk like a cat.

*Mr A.* That was to seek for insects in the bark. They bore holes in it for that purpose with their strong beaks, and do much damage to the trees.

*W.* When I got upon the open heath, how charming it was ! the air was so fresh, and the view on every side so open. It was all covered, too, with gay flowers, many of which I had never observed before. There were at least three kinds of heath, of which I have pieces here in my handkerchief, and there were gorse, and blue-bells, and many other flowers. I saw, too, several birds that were new to me. There was a pretty grey one, of the size of a lark, that was hopping about some great stones ; and when he flew, he showed a great deal of white above his tail.

*Mr A.* That was a wheatear. They are very nice birds to eat, and are found in great numbers upon the open downs.

*W.* There was a flock of lapwings upon a marshy part of the heath, that amused me much. As I came near them, some kept flying round and round just over my head, and cried *peewit* so distinctly, that I almost fancied they spoke.

I thought I should have caught one, for he flew as if one of his wings were broken, and often tumbled close to the ground ; but as I came near, he always managed to get away.

*Mr A.* Ha ! ha ! you were finely taken in. This was all a trick of the bird to entice you away from its nest ; for they build upon the bare ground, and their nests would easily be found, if they did not draw off the attention of intruders by their loud cries and pretended lameness.

*W.* I wish I had known that, for he led me a long chase, often over shoes in water. When I left the hill I went straight down to the meadows below, and walked by the side of a brook that runs into the river. It was all bordered with reeds, and flags, and tall flowering plants, quite different from those I had seen on the heath. As I was getting down the bank to reach one of them, I heard something plump into the water near me. It was a large water-rat, and I saw it swim over to the other side, and go into its hole. There were a great many large dragon-flies all about the stream ; and there was a bird hovering over the water, and, every now and then, darting down into it, which was all over a mixture of the most beautiful green and blue, with some orange colour. It was less than a thrush, and had a large head and bill, and a short tail.

*Mr A.* That bird was a kingfisher, and lives on fish, which it catches in the manner you saw. It builds its nest in a hole in the bank, and is a very shy bird, and seldom seen far from the stream near which it lives.

*W.* There were a great many swallows too, sporting upon the surface of the water, that amused me by their movements. Sometimes they dashed into the stream ; sometimes they pursued one another so quickly, that my eye could scarcely follow them. In one place, where a

high steep sandbank rose directly above the river, I saw many of them going in and out of holes, with which the whole of the bank was covered.

*Mr A.* Those were sand-martins, the smallest of our species of swallows. They are of a mouse-colour above, and white beneath; and they make their nests, and bring up their young, in these holes—which run into a great depth, and so protect them from all plunderers. .

*W.* While I was looking at these, a heron came flying over my head, with his large flagging wings. He alighted at the west turn of the river, and I crept softly behind the bank to watch his motions. He had waded into the water as far as his long legs would carry him, and was standing with his neck drawn in, looking intently on the stream. Presently he darted his long bill, as quick as lightning, into the water, and drew out a fish, which he swallowed. I saw him catch another in the same manner; but just then he was frightened by some noise I made, and he flew slowly away to a wood at some distance, where I saw him settle.

*Mr A.* Perhaps his nest was there, for herons build upon the highest trees they can find, and sometimes live in society like rooks. They are among the largest wild birds which we have in England, and are of a great length and spread of wing, though their bodies are comparatively small.

*W.* I got to the high field next our house just as the sun was setting, and I stood looking at it till it was quite-lost. What a glorious sight! The clouds were tinged purple, and crimson, and yellow, of all shades and hues. But how large the sun appears just as it sets! I think it seems twice as big as when it is over head.

*Mr A.* Well, you have had a nice walk, William. But did not you see any of these sights, Robert?

*R.* I saw some of them, but I did not take any particular notice of them.

*Mr A.* I think you would have been wiser if you had. But so it is—one man walks through the world with his eyes open, and another with them shut ; and upon this difference depends all the superiority of knowledge the one acquires above the other. Do you then, William, continue to make use of your eyes ; and do you, Robert, learn that eyes were given you to use.

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### EYES, AND NO EYES.

“WHAT, Charles returned !” papa exclaimed,

“How short your walk has been !

And Thomas—Julia—where are they ?

Come, tell me what you ’ve seen.”

“So tedious, stupid, dull a walk !”

Said Charles, “I ’ll go no more—

First stopping here, then lagging there,

O’er this and that to pore.

“I crossed the fields near Woodland House,

And just went up the hill ;

Then by the river-side came down,

Near Mr Fairplay’s mill.”

Now Tom and Julia both ran in—

“Oh, dear papa,” said they,

“The sweetest walk we both have had—

Oh, what a pleasant day !

"Near Woodland House we crossed the fields,  
And by the mill we came."

"Indeed!" exclaimed papa, "how's this?  
Your brother took the same;

"But very dull he found the walk.  
What have you there? let's see:—  
Come, Charles, enjoy this charming treat,  
As new to you as me."

"First look, papa, at this small branch,  
Which on a tall oak grew,  
And by its slimy berries white,  
The mistletoe we knew.

"A bird all green ran up a tree,  
A woodpecker we call,  
Who with his strong bill wounds the bark,  
To feed on insects small.

"And many lapwings cried *peewit* ;  
And one, among the rest,  
Pretended lameness, to decoy  
Us from her lonely nest.

"Young starlings, martins, swallows, all  
Such lovely flocks, so gay ;  
A heron too, which caught a fish,  
And with it flew away.

"This bird we found, a kingfisher ;  
Though dead, his plumes how bright !  
Do have him stuffed, my dear papa ;  
'Twill be a charming sight.

“When reached the heath, how wide the space!  
The air how fresh and sweet!  
We plucked these flowers and different heaths,  
The fairest we could meet.

“The distant prospect we admired,  
The mountains far and blue;  
A mansion here, a cottage there:  
See, here 's the sketch we drew.

“A splendid sight, we next beheld—  
The glorious setting sun,  
In clouds of crimson, purple, gold;  
His daily race now done.”

“We, taste and knowledge,” said papa,  
“By observation gain;  
You 've both used well the gift of sight,  
And shall rewards obtain.

“You, Julia, in this case will find  
A drawing-box quite new;  
This spy-glass, Tom, so oft desired,  
I think is now your due.

“And useful toys, and pretty too,  
For Charles shall be bought,  
When he can see the works of God,  
And prize them as he ought.”

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## LUCIFER-MATCHES.

WHAT should we do now without lucifer-matches, to light our candles and kindle our fires? They seem to us so necessary, because they are so useful and so common, that we can hardly believe it is only a few years since these valuable little things were first made. And yet, I daresay, most of your fathers and mothers can remember very well, that, when they were children, the common way to strike a light was by the troublesome mode of tinder in a box, a piece of steel, a piece of flint, and a thin strip of wood, the end of which had been dipped in sulphur. The tinder-box had to be kept filled with tinder, or pieces of burnt rag; then the flint had to be struck against the steel, until some sparks fell upon the tinder, and smouldered there; and then the end of the strip of wood was held to the spark, till the sulphur was lit, which in turn set fire to the piece of wood. The lucifer-matches, which we now use, are so cheap, because they are made in such enormous quantities, in large manufactories, worked by steam-engines and other machines. It is said that the people of England use as many as two hundred and forty millions of these matches every day; and that one mill near London cuts up, for this purpose, every year, as many as four hundred large timber trees into the little wooden splints, which you see in a box of matches.

The first thing to be done in a manufactory is to cut these splints, which are usually made of a soft wood called American pine, of the best quality, and as free from knots as possible. The wood is well dried before cutting, and the mills have large knives, driven by steam-power, and moving in different directions, so as to cut a large number of these splints at the same time. The next thing is to prepare the paste, into which the ends of the splints are dipped. For

this purpose some combustible chemicals are mixed together, in proper proportions, in a quantity of gum or glue. And when that is ready, the splints are made up in bundles, and first dipped in some melted sulphur, and then, as soon as that is dry, in the paste which has been prepared. Sometimes, instead of putting the splints up in bundles, frames are used for this purpose. In each of these frames, several hundred matches are placed, and then they are all dipped into the paste together. In one factory, it is said that six men, with one boy to wait on them, can dip as many as twenty millions of matches in a day.

The frames of dipped matches are left to dry for an hour or two, and then placed in a stove, made extremely hot ; and it requires great care to see that the matches do not take fire in the stove. Women and children afterwards take them from the frames, and place them in the boxes.

A great many people—men, women, and children—are employed in these factories ; but the work is dangerous and very bad for the health of the work-people. Sometimes they get sadly burnt, and the vapour from the hot paste is poisonous, and often causes pain and illness.

I do not know how fire was first of all obtained ; perhaps from the lightning which sometimes comes down from the sky, and will set fire to and burn everything which it touches. All nations seem to have used fire from the earliest times. The wild tribes of men still have a way of producing fire, by rubbing two dry sticks together ; or by making a hole in a dry branch of a tree, and then putting the point of another dry piece of wood into the hole, and making it turn round very rapidly, by rubbing it between their hands, till they both become so hot that they take fire and burn.

## THE CROCODILE AND THE ALLIGATOR.

THE crocodile lives in the large rivers of the warmer countries of the world. When full grown, it is of a prodigious size, being sometimes more than twenty-five feet in length. Its back is covered with a curious coat of scales, so hard and strong that a bullet will not pierce through it. Its mouth is very long, and large enough to gripe and carry off a man; and it is furnished with plenty of sharp-pointed teeth. With these it destroys great numbers of the fish in the rivers, and many of the land animals too, when they come within its reach. "One fine evening last year," says a writer, "as the people were sauntering by the side of the river, I saw, within twenty yards of where I was standing, a large crocodile, or cayman, as it is usually called, rush out of the river, seize a man, and carry him off, before anybody had it in his power to assist him. The screams of the poor fellow were terrible, but the cayman soon extinguished them by plunging into the river with him, and we never saw or heard him more."

You will not be surprised that the natives are greatly afraid of these terrible creatures; and, indeed, it is very dangerous to ramble in the marshy places, or to bathe in the rivers, which they inhabit; for the crocodile will often lie concealed by the edge of the water, and there wait patiently till some animal comes down to drink. If a dog, or even a bull or a tiger, should happen to approach the spot, the crocodile will spring upon him, and drag him down and drown him in the river.

The alligator is an animal almost exactly like the crocodile, but it is mostly met with in America, while the crocodile abounds in Asia and Africa. These creatures lay eggs, which are about the same size as the eggs of a

hen or a goose. These they cover up in the sand, sometimes as many as fifty together, and leave them to be hatched by the warm rays of the sun. A traveller once, in the island of Ceylon, observed on the banks of a lake some broken fragments of shells, and his curiosity was aroused by a noise which seemed to issue from the ground. So he removed some of the sand, and soon found a number of little alligators, just hatched, and a great number of eggs, which were not yet broken. He broke the shell of one of these, and a young alligator came out. When the traveller touched it with a stick, it appeared angry, and bit the stick violently, and then ran off towards the water.

These animals have four short but very strong legs, with long and sharp claws at the end of their toes; and their tails are very strong and powerful. Their colour is generally blackish, brown above, and yellowish-white beneath. When the rivers or pools, which they inhabit, become dried up by the great heat of the sun in summer, these animals will bury themselves in the mud, and remain in a state of torpor, or sleep, till the rainy season returns. As a gentleman, we are told, was sleeping with one of his friends, on a bench, covered with leather, under the shelter of a hut, he was aroused early in the morning by violent shakes and a horrible noise. Clods of earth were thrown from under the bed into the middle of the hut, and a young crocodile of two or three feet long soon made its appearance. It darted at a dog which was lying by the door, but happily missed him, and ran in haste towards the river.

We may read many interesting stories about crocodiles. Here is one :—

A negro slave, hearing the cries of his master, and guessing that he was seized by a crocodile, ran instantly to

the river, armed with a long knife. He plunged into the water, and, by putting out the eyes of the crocodile, forced it to let go its prey ; but the faithful slave was too late, for though he managed to carry his wounded master to the shore, all efforts to restore him to life proved useless. The natives know that, although the back of the crocodile is covered with hard scales, the skin of its throat is very tender, and its eyes can be easily destroyed ; and this knowledge has often saved their lives. A young Indian girl was once seized by one of these monsters ; but, though she was dreadfully hurt, she remembered, in the midst of all her pain and alarm, what she had been often told to do in such a case. So she pushed her fingers into the eyes of the beast with such violence, that the pain obliged it to let go its hold ; and though it had bitten off part of her arm, the poor girl contrived to swim back to the shore, with the one hand she had left.

There are several ways by which crocodiles are caught. In some places they are hunted with dogs, which are trained for the purpose, and armed with spiked collars. Sometimes they are taken in nets, by placing three or four of them across a river, so that if he should break through the first he may be caught in one of the others. When he feels himself caught, he begins to lash the water with his enormous tail ; the natives wait patiently till he is quite tired out by his struggles, and then come up in boats, and kill him, by piercing the tender parts of his body with their spears. A negro will sometimes even venture to go into the water, and attack a crocodile, with nothing in his hand but a knife. He wraps some thick leather round his left hand and arm, and takes his knife in the right hand. As soon as the crocodile approaches him, he puts out his left arm, which it directly seizes in its mouth, but

its teeth cannot bite through the tough leather covering,  
and he kills it by stabbing it in the throat.

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## THE DAISY.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,  
With silver crest and golden eye,  
That welcomes every changing hour,  
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field  
In gay but quick succession shine ;  
Race after race their honours yield,  
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,  
While moons and stars their courses run,  
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,  
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,  
To sultry August spreads its charms,  
Lights pale October on its way,  
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath, and golden broom,  
On moory mountains catch the gale ;  
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,  
The violet in the vale :

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,  
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,  
Plays on the margins of the rill,  
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the gardener's cultured round  
It shares the sweet carnation's bed ;  
And blooms in consecrated ground,  
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem ;  
The wild-bee murmurs on its breast ;  
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem  
Light o'er the sky-lark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page ;—in every place,  
In every season fresh and fair,  
It opens with perennial grace,  
And blossoms everywhere.

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## THE POTATO.

THERE are few plants so valuable to man as the potato ; and few which are so widely and so largely used. The root, or tuber, which we eat, is a very nice and wholesome vegetable, and forms the entire food of multitudes of men. An excellent starch is also made from it, which is used for a great many purposes. And even a strong wine and spirit can be obtained from it, in the same way as brandy and other spirits are made from fruits and grains. It is said that a very grand dinner was once given in France, by a gentleman who wished to show the useful qualities of this plant ; and at this dinner there were a great variety of dishes, but all made from the potato, cooked in various ways ; and a great many kinds of wine and spirit for the guests to drink, all of which had also been made from the same plant.

The potato was first brought to England, in the reign of King James the First, by Sir Walter Raleigh, who met with it in America. He gave some of the tubers to his gardener, to be planted in his garden ; and when it grew up and had flowered, the gardener, of course, thought that the little apples, or fruit which the plant bears, were the proper part to be eaten, and did not think of looking at its root. So, as these apples are both nasty and poisonous, he asked permission to throw the "worthless weed" away. But when he dug it up for this purpose, and found a nice lot of tubers on its stem under ground, he had them cooked, and changed his mind when he found how good they were.

When potatoes were first grown in England, they were thought a great delicacy, and only used at feasts ; their price being as much as two shillings a pound. And even long afterwards, a schoolboy would consider a potato so great a treat, that he would lock one up in his box, and roast and dress it as a feast for himself and his schoolfellows.

Potatoes are now seldom raised from seed, for the tubers are then so small that they have to be planted a second year before a crop can be obtained from them. But the old tubers are generally cut into pieces, with one or more eyes, or buds, to each, and these are planted in the spring, and produce a crop the same year. But if we wish to obtain different varieties of this plant, they must then be raised from seed. By this means a great many different kinds of this plant have been produced, which are generally divided into two classes—early and late potatoes. And it is often found that a kind of potato which yields a bad crop upon one soil, will yield a very good crop upon another ; and also that land which produces a poor crop of one kind of potato, will produce a fine crop of another variety.

This plant is now grown in great quantities in all parts of Great Britain, and in Belgium, and Germany, and some other parts of Europe. It has also been introduced by the settlers in nearly all the British Colonies. Very excellent crops are grown in Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand. The mild climate of New Zealand is particularly suitable for its growth, and abundant crops of very excellent potatoes are obtained there from bush-land, after the trees upon it have been felled and burnt, and the land then planted with them.

There are many other plants which bear tubers on their underground stems like the potato, such as the Jerusalem artichoke, the ground-nut, the yam, and the kumera of the native New Zealanders ; but none of these are so wholesome, so pleasant to the taste, and so abundant in their produce, as the potato-plant which Sir Walter Raleigh brought with him to England from America.

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## THE SHARK.

THIS fish is the tiger of the seas, and is as fierce as it is voracious. Several kinds of it are known, but the white shark is the largest and fiercest of them all. It is sometimes from twenty to thirty feet in length, and its mouth is sufficiently large to receive the thigh, and even the body, of a man ; while on each jaw are several rows of strong, flat, triangular, sharp-pointed, and notched teeth. The shark devours almost every animal substance, whether dead or alive, which comes in its way. No other fish can swim so rapidly ; they outstrip the swiftest ships, and swim round and round them while they are in full sail, and will follow in their wake for leagues together, greedily

devouring the offal that is thrown overboard. And if a sailor falls from his ship, or ventures into the sea, while a shark is in the neighbourhood, he is almost certain to be caught and eaten up by the monster. Sailors, therefore, are great enemies to sharks, and are always pleased when they can catch them with hooks and destroy them.

The following is an account of the capture of a white shark :—" For more than a week we had observed a white shark, of great size, daring, and voracity, following in the wake of our vessel. He greedily devoured all the offal which was thrown into the sea ; and although the ship was sailing rapidly with a fair breeze, he still kept alongside, apparently without any effort,—sometimes sporting round the ship, as if gambolling in play, and now and then showing the entire length of his huge white body on the surface of the water. The sailors consulted together, and determined to attempt to capture him, if the captain would give his consent. At the request of all of the passengers, this consent was readily given.

" The sailors then procured a strong iron hook, much like one of those upon which the butchers hang the bodies of their sheep. This was firmly fastened to a strong rope, about four fathoms in length, and baited with a piece of salt pork.

" It was then flung overboard ; and after it had been in the water about half-an-hour, it was perceived that it had attracted the attention of the shark, and two sailors were set to watch it. The animal swam round it, and carefully examined it for more than an hour, as if he suspected that the tempting morsel concealed some treachery. At length he could resist no longer, and turning over on his back, as sharks do when they seize their prey, he swallowed it at a mouthful. The two sailors gave a shout, and began

to haul in the rope ; but they were too hasty, for the shark disgorged the bait, and swam off unharmed. Still he could not forget the delicious prize, and was soon seen examining the bait again. A second time it was seized, and a second time disgorged. But the voracious monster would not profit by his experience ; so, after spending still more time in examining the piece of pork, he seemed to conclude that all was right, and a third time he bolted the bait. He was this time allowed to make off with it, and then by a sudden jerk given to the rope, the stout hook was fastened in his jaw. The sailors shouted with triumph, and the rope was securely fastened to the capstan. As soon as the shark found himself secured, he dashed about, and lashed the sea in fury with his tail, making the waves white with foam. All hands were called to haul him on board ; and as the windlass quickly turned round, he was gradually drawn to the side of the vessel, and at length safely landed on the deck. But he still continued to lash with his tail, with such force, that it seemed he would drive in the timbers of the vessel. At length the cook disabled him with an axe, and his life was soon put an end to by the sailors' knives."

The following sad story is also told of a shark :—"The son of a passenger was one day playing on deck and fell overboard. He was in danger of being drowned ; but a seaman boldly leaped in to his rescue. He succeeded in reaching the child, and was swimming with him safely back to the vessel, when the cry of 'A shark ! a shark !' was raised by those on deck, who saw one of these monsters hastening to secure his prey. The seaman's own son, a youth about eighteen years old, having armed himself with a sword, plunged into the water, and swam to his father's rescue. He was an excellent diver, and succeeded in

getting beneath the shark, and plunging the sword into the animal's belly, which immediately turned to attack this unexpected foe.

"In the meantime ropes were thrown from the deck, which both father and son succeeded in grasping, and they were rapidly hauled towards the vessel. They had nearly reached the deck, the seaman bearing in his arms the child he had rescued, and already the cry of 'They are safe ! they are safe !' was raised by the anxious spectators ; when the shark, enraged at the escape of his victims, suddenly darted from the water, and caught the sailor boy by the middle of his body, and, with his tremendous jaws, bit him quite in two."

These sharks are most common in the warmer parts of the world, and are very seldom seen on the coasts of Great Britain. They are not uncommon, however, on the coasts of New Zealand and Australia. A small variety of the shark, called the dog-fish, is eaten by the natives in these and other countries, and even by the poorer classes of the people in the north of Scotland.

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### MORNING SONG.

OH, come ! for the lily  
Is white on the lea ;  
Oh, come ! for the wood-doves  
Are paired on the tree :  
The lark sings with dew  
On her wings and her feet ;  
The thrush pours his ditty,  
Loud, varied, and sweet :

So, come where the twin-hares  
    'Mid fragrance have been,  
And with flowers I will weave thee  
    A crown like a queen.

Oh, come ! hark, the throstle  
    Invites you aloud ;  
And wild comes the plover's cry  
    Down from the cloud :  
The stream lifts his voice,  
    And yon daisy's begun  
To part its red lips  
    And drink dew in the sun :  
The sky laughs in light,  
    Earth rejoices in green—  
So, come, and I'll crown thee  
    With flowers like a queen !

Oh, haste ! hark the shepherd  
    Hath wakened his pipe,  
And led out his lambs  
    Where the blae-berry's ripe :  
The bright sun is tasting  
    The dew on the thyme ;  
Yon glad maiden's lilting  
    An old bridal-rhyme.  
There's joy in the heaven  
    And gladness on earth—  
So, come to the sunshine,  
    And mix in the mirth.

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## THE SEAL.

THE seal and the walrus are called amphibious animals, which means that they can live both on land and in water. They cannot, however, breathe in the water, as fish do, but must come up to the surface in order to take breath ; and they are so formed that, instead of taking breath twenty times in a minute, as many animals do, they do not require to breathe more than once in twenty minutes.

The more common seals are from five to ten feet long, but some of the species are much larger, and measure from twenty-five to thirty feet. They are provided with four fin-like paws, called flippers : when in the water they use these paws as paddles, and swim with great rapidity ; but on shore the flippers are too short to be of much use to them in walking, and they move along the ground by a sort of jerking leap, or shuffle. The head of the seal often bears a strong resemblance to that of the dog and other land animals ; and there are different kinds of seals, which bear the names severally of sea-dog, sea-lion, sea-elephant, and sea-bear. The seal frequents the coast in most temperate and cold parts of the world, but they are most numerous in the polar regions. There they are often to be seen in large flocks, amounting sometimes to many thousands ; and they furnish the inhabitants with most of the necessities of life. Their flesh supplies them with food ; their skins, with warm clothing and tents ; their sinews, with a strong thread ; and the oil which their fat contains, with light and fire.

Seal-fishing is a dangerous, but very profitable trade : one ship has been known to bring home a cargo of 4000 or 5000 seals, yielding more than 100 tons of oil. The

skins of some seals are much prized, also, for their fur, which is fine and silky.

The seal is intelligent and docile. A tame seal was exhibited in London, which, at a sign from its keeper, would present its paw, or utter a strange sound, something like the human voice. It varies as much in colour as in size : the most usual colour is yellowish-grey, spotted with brown or black.

The walrus, or sea-horse, is not unlike a seal in form, but possesses large, elephant-like tusks, which it uses to defend itself from its enemies, such as the bear on land, and the sword-fish in the sea. Like the seal, it principally lives on fish. Its usual size is about that of an ox, but it is sometimes seen larger than an elephant.

The following story is told of a seal :—"Some years ago a farmer in Scotland, who lived near the Firth of Forth, went out to look for lobsters and crabs, which he expected to find among some rocks on the shore. I do not know whether he found any of them, but he caught a young seal, and brought it home with him. He gave it some pottage and milk, which the seal seemed to like very much, and he fed it in this way for three days. The man's wife, however, was not pleased with the company of her new visitor, and begged that it might not stay any longer. So, the farmer went with some of his neighbours to take the seal back, and throw it again into the sea ; but though this was done several times, it always came out again, and returned to them. At last they agreed that the tallest man of their party should take the seal, and walk into the sea as far as he could before he threw it in, and that they should all hide themselves behind a rock at some distance. But the seal had grown so fond of its master, that it swam to the shore again, and soon found

out the men in their hiding-place. Its perseverance and seeming affection quite overcame the farmer's resolution to part with it, and he took it home with him again."

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## THE WAKEFIELD FAMILY AFTER THE LOSS OF THEIR FORTUNE.

THE village to which we retired, and of which I was now the parson, was inhabited by small farmers, who tilled their own land, and were equally strangers to wealth and to poverty. As they had nearly all the necessaries of life within their reach, they seldom had occasion to pay a visit to any of the neighbouring towns or cities. And since they were thus far removed from fashionable life, they retained the simplicity of manners which was common in earlier times. They kept up the Christmas carol, sent true-love-knots on Saint Valentine's morning, ate pancakes on Shrove Tuesday, showed their wit on the first of April, and cracked nuts on Michaelmas eve. As they had heard of our arrival, the whole neighbourhood came out to meet their new minister, dressed in their best clothes, and preceded by a pipe and tabor: a feast also was provided for our reception, to which we sat cheerfully down; and what the conversation wanted in wit, was made up by plenty of laughter.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered by a beautiful wood behind, and a prattling river before; on one side a paddock, on the other a field. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land; and nothing could exceed the neatness of the little enclosures, the elms and hedgerows looking very beautiful. My house consisted of but one story, and was

covered with thatch, which gave it a very snug look. The walls on the inside were nicely whitewashed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own drawing. Although the same room had to serve us for parlour and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, coppers, and tins being well cleaned, and all displayed in bright rows upon the shelves, we did not want any richer furniture. There were three other apartments: one for my wife and me; another for our two daughters, which opened into our own; and the third, with two beds, for the rest of the children.

By sunrise, each morning, we all assembled in our common apartment, the fire having been previously kindled by the servant. After we had saluted each other with proper ceremony, we all knelt in prayer and thanksgiving to that Being who had given us another day. This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in providing the breakfast, which was always punctually ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner; which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in instructive conversation between my son and me.

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labour after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family, where smiling looks, a neat hearth, and a pleasant fire were always ready for our reception. Nor were we without our guests; sometimes farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbour, and often the blind piper, would pay us a visit, and taste our gooseberry-wine, for the making of which we had lost neither the receipt nor the reputation.

These harmless people had several ways of making themselves good company ; while one played, the other would sing some soothing ballad, " Johnny Armstrong's last good-night," or, " The cruelty of Barbara Allen." The night was ended in the same manner as we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day out of the large Bible ; and he that read loudest, most distinctly, and best, was to have a halfpenny on Sunday to put into the poors' box.

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### LUCY GRAY.

No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew ;  
She dwelt on a wide moor ;  
The sweetest thing that ever grew  
Beside a cottage door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,  
The hare upon the green ;  
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray  
Will never more be seen.

" To-night will be a stormy night ;  
You to the town must go,  
And take a lantern, child, to light  
Your mother through the snow."

" That, father, I will gladly do ;  
'Tis scarcely afternoon—  
The minster-clock has just struck two,  
And yonder is the moon."

At this the father raised his hook,  
And snapt a faggot band ;  
He plied his work, and Lucy took  
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe ;  
With many a wanton stroke  
Her feet disperse the powd'ry snow,  
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time ;  
She wandered up and down,  
And many a hill did Lucy climb,  
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night  
Went shouting far and wide ;  
But there was neither sound nor sight  
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood,  
That overlooked the moor ;  
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,  
A furlong from the door.

They wept, and turning homeward cried,  
" In heaven we all shall meet "—  
When in the snow the mother spied  
The print of Lucy's feet !

Half-breathless from the steep hill's edge  
They tracked the foot-marks small ;  
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,  
And by the long stone wall ;

And then an open field they crossed—  
The marks were still the same ;  
They tracked them on, nor ever lost,  
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank  
Those footmarks one by one,  
Into the middle of the plank—  
And farther there were none !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,  
The hare upon the green ;  
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray  
Will never more be seen.

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## THE WHALE.

THIS is by far the largest of all living animals, some of them being one hundred feet in length, and measuring as many as fifty or sixty feet round the body. Though they live only in the sea, they are not properly fish ; for, instead of laying eggs, or spawn, as fish do, they have young ones, which are called calves, and which suck the milk from their mother's teat. There are several different kinds of these huge creatures. Here is a description of a Greenland whale.

The head is very large, and the mouth of the size of an ordinary room ; there are no teeth, but a peculiar apparatus instead of them. The lower jaws receive the upper jaws into them when closed, just as the blade of a knife shuts down into the handle. Instead of teeth, the upper jaw is furnished with an immense number of thin plates,

set side by side, very much like the blades of a quill. These are not all of the same length; for those in the middle are the longest, and they grow shorter and shorter towards each end. These blades are the implements by which the whale takes his food. And what do you suppose so immense an animal feeds upon? Fish of the largest size, perhaps you would guess. No; the throat of a whale is so narrow, that it could not swallow a herring; and as he has no teeth, he could not divide it into small portions. His food is composed, for the most part, of animals so exceedingly small, as to be scarcely visible without a microscope: creatures no larger than a pin's head supply the enormous whale with daily food, and keep him in the fattest condition too. Judge, then, how numerous these little creatures must be—and, indeed, they often appear colouring the water in the Northern Seas for many miles. If the whale had a mouth like other animals, these little things would be quite lost in it; or else he would swallow so much water, that his stomach would be filled long before his hunger was satisfied. But the double set of close plates acts as a sifter: the whale opens his great mouth, and fills the lower jaw, which is like an enormous spoon, with the swimming atoms. He then closes his mouth, and squeezes the water through the plates at the sides; which, though all the water runs through them, are yet so close, that the little animals cannot pass, but are left in the inside of the mouth, and immediately swallowed. It is these plates that form what is commonly called whalebone,—though it is a very unsuitable name for it, as it is not at all like bone, but rather of the nature of horn. It is used for the ribs of umbrellas, and many other purposes.

The body of the whale is entirely covered with a thick coat of fat, which serves to keep the cold out, like a

blanket, and also makes the body lighter in the water. When taken from the body, the fat, or blubber, as it is termed, melts into clear oil; and, in order to obtain this, great numbers of them are chased and killed. Whale-fishing is, however, often accompanied with great danger, as you will see from the following account of what took place in an attempt to capture some spermaceti whales. "On the day in question," the narrator says, "we were on the look-out for sperm-whales, and had actually struck two, which the boats' crews were following to secure. I perceived a very large one rushing with great swiftness through the water right towards the ship. We hoped that she would turn aside and dive under, when she perceived such a bulk in her way. But no! The animal came with full force against our stern-port. Had any part less firm been struck, the vessel must have been broken; as it was, every plank and timber trembled throughout her whole bulk. The whale, as if hurt by a severe and unexpected shock, shook her enormous head, and sheered off to a considerable distance, so that for some time we quite lost sight of her; of which we were very glad, hoping that the worst was over. Nearly an hour afterwards we saw the same fish making again towards us. We were at once aware of our danger, but escape was impossible. She dashed her head this time against the ship's side, and so broke it in, that the vessel filled rapidly with water. At the second shock, expecting the ship to sink, we lowered our three boats, and all hands got into them. In a little while, however, as she did not sink, we ventured on board again, and were able to get some food and instruments, together with some guns and powder, which we brought with us into the boats. Then, instead of pushing away for some port, so amazed and bewildered were we,

we continued sitting in our places, gazing upon the ship, as though she had been the object of our tenderest affection. At last, after many hours, she gave a slight reel, and down she sank."

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### "PICK YOUR ROAD."

PICK your road, my boys : pick your road ! If you would wear clean shoes and stockings, enjoy good health, feel at ease, and be respected by those around you,—if you would be happy, and make others happy too,—pick your road, my boys : pick your road ! When I was at school, an invitation arrived for half a dozen of us to spend a happy day at a lady's house, a few miles distant. You may be sure that we soon had on our best clothes, and were ready for the start. "Pick your road, my boys !" said our master. So we promised to pick our road, and set merrily out. At last we came to a spot where the road divided ; and three of us determined to keep the lane, while the others were equally disposed to take the road across the fields.

The lane that we three untidy young rogues had chosen was a terribly muddy one ; so that, what with our fun and our carelessness, and our neglecting to pick our road, and all together, we were soon spattered up to the neck—our trousers wofully disfigured, and our shoes nearly filled with water. Still we went laughing on. There is, however, some difference between laughing ourselves and being laughed at by others : and so we found it ; for, as soon as we met our companions at the end of the lane, they had fine sport at our expense. The lady to whose house we had been invited was offended—for we could not avoid dirtying her clean room—and the young people who were

invited to meet us kept at a distance from us, to avoid us. It was clear that all were ashamed of us, as well they might be ; for we were heartily ashamed of ourselves.

To us, it was a very miserable day, however agreeable it might have been to our companions. We returned to school, and were scolded by our master, and were confined the next day within doors by severe colds. Thus were we punished for not picking our road.

But, my boys, it is not picking your way along a miry lane alone that I have in my eye. No, no ! What I want you to do is, to pick your road through the miry paths of life, in every situation in which you may be placed. Is there no difference, think you, between being punished for neglecting your work at school, and having a half-holiday for doing it well ? Certainly there is. Having, therefore, the two things before you, choose the best of them ; and whatever you have to do, set about it as you should do. Go the right way to work—pick your road.

Some of your playmates may be idle, proud, cruel, selfish, and revengeful ; others may be diligent, humble, kind-hearted, generous, and forgiving. A boy's companions may encourage him in all that is good, or may lead him into all that is bad. If, then, you are at school, look about you, my boys, and pick your road among your school-fellows.

When you come to be men, whatever trade or calling you may follow, the same advice holds good. You will generally be happy or unhappy in the same degree in which you are careful or neglectful to "pick your road."

Look around, and you will see every day of your lives the advantage of picking your road. To pass over a narrow plank across a brook, requires some caution ; and there are many positions in life in which the road to be taken is

equally narrow—a step to the right hand or to the left would equally lead you into dangers. Pick your road, my boys, through youth, manhood, and old age, but especially in youth ; and never will you regret the trouble it will cost you.

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## THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree,  
The village smithy stands ;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands ;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long ;  
His face is like the tan ;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat—  
He earns whate'er he can ;  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow ;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door ;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,

And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys ;  
He hears the parson pray and preach  
He hears his daughter's voice  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice  
Singing in Paradise !  
He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies ;  
And with his hard rough hand he wipes  
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes ;  
Each morning sees some task begun,  
Each evening sees its close :  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught !  
Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought ;  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought

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## TRAINING A HORSE.

IF you want to have a good and quiet horse, you must begin to handle him, with gentleness and care, from the earliest age. The power of biting and kicking is given to horses by nature, that they may defend themselves from their enemies. Do not let them, therefore, regard man as their enemy, and they will show no desire to employ these weapons against him.

But though a horse should be handled from an early age, it should not be constantly in harness, or suffered to do any heavy work, before its fourth year; and even then it should have a summer's run at grass. Its muscular strength ought to be well established before it is put to hard labour; for if it is worked too soon, it becomes worn out before its time.

The work of a young horse should be limited, at first, to carrying a light load on its back, or drawing a lightly-loaded cart; and the best way of training a horse to bear the resistance of a weight, is to yoke it alongside of a trained one, and to teach it to pull by degrees, by slackening the traces, when it feels the pull at the collar unpleasant, until it becomes accustomed to it. After a little practice in this way, it will very soon bear the shafts of the cart, and not care for the rattling of the wheels, and learn to draw in single harness.

Patience and gentleness, as well as firmness, are necessary on the part of any one who undertakes to break in or train a horse. A passionate man, who forces the collar over its head, or a snaffle or bit into its mouth, hurting its teeth and jaws; or who beats it on the head, or kicks it on the ribs, when it is afraid to move forwards; or who

flogs the tender and timid animal, if it trips, or makes a false step, when its inexperienced limbs cannot move with ease and security on a rough road,—is not fit to be a horse-breaker.

The docility of the horse, under judicious management, is wonderful: no animal, except the dog, is so capable of being rendered the companion of man. No other creature can be so brought by patience and gentleness to face what it fears extremely. For instance, the cavalry and artillery horses, which are used in war, stand fire without flinching, and hear all the thunders of the cannon without any apparent terror. And, I daresay, you have seen or heard of the astonishing feats done by the horses which are exhibited in the circus, and which have been trained for that purpose.

Any horse, gently handled in its early years, patted playfully at proper times, fed from the hand with a bit of carrot, or with oats, may be taught to follow its master or remain steadily by his side, though at liberty all the while to escape from him; may, in short, be taught, like the dog, to obey his voice and gesture.

But too frequently everything is done to crush the spirit of the sensitive animal. If it shows any nervous alarm at any new object, it is flogged or spurred; and then, of course, when it next sees the same object, it feels double terror, because it not only fears the object itself, but also dreads again the spur or the whip, with which its idea of that object has become associated. Surely such treatment is enough to spoil the temper of any horse.

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## THE STORY OF DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

IN the reign of the famous King Edward the Third, there lived in a village at a great distance from London a little boy called Dick Whittington. His father and mother had died while he was very young, and he was left a poor ragged orphan, running about from village to village. Dick, however, was a sharp fellow, and very fond of asking questions, or listening when persons were talking together. Once a week you might be sure to see Dick leaning against the sign-post of the village-inn, where people stopped as they returned from market : and whenever the barber's shop was open, Dick listened to all the news he told his customers. In this manner Dick heard of the great city of London ; and from what he heard, he thought that all who lived there must be great and rich people ; and that the very streets were really paved with gold.

One day, a waggon, with eight horses, and bells at their heads, drove through the village while Dick was leaning against the sign-post. The thought immediately struck him that it must be going to London ; so he took courage, and asked the waggoner to let him walk with him by the side of the waggon. The man, finding that the poor boy had no parents, and seeing by his ragged clothes that he could not be worse off than he was, told him he might go with him if he pleased : so they set off together.

How Dick got on, on his long journey, history does not tell us ; but he got safe to London ; and so eager was he to see the fine streets and the gold, that, thanking his friend the waggoner, he ran off, as fast as his legs could carry him, through several streets, expecting every moment to

come to those that were paved with gold ; for Dick had sometimes seen a gold-piece in his own village, and observed what a great deal it brought in exchange ; so he fancied he had only to take up some little bits of the pavement, to have as much money as he could desire.

Poor Dick ran till he was tired ; at last, finding it grow dark, and that whichever way he turned, he found nothing but stones and dirt, instead of gold, he sat down in a dark corner, and cried himself to sleep.

Dick remained all night in the streets ; and next morning, finding himself very hungry, he got up and walked about, asking those he met to bestow something upon him to keep him from starving ; but nobody stayed to answer him, so that the poor boy was almost dead with hunger, and he laid himself down at the door of one Mr Fitzwarren, a very rich merchant. Here he was soon perceived by the cook-maid, who was an ill-tempered creature, and happened just then to be very busy dressing dinner for her master and mistress ; so, seeing poor Dick, she called out, " What business have you there, you lazy rogue ? If you do not get away, we will see how you will like a sousing with some dish-water I have here, which is hot enough to make you jump."

Just at this moment, Mr Fitzwarren himself came home to dinner, and, seeing a poor ragged boy lying at his door, said to him, " Why do you lie there, my lad ? You seem old enough to work ; I fear you are an idle boy."—" No, indeed, sir," said Whittington, " that is not true, for I would work with all my heart ; but I know nobody, and I believe I am very sick for want of food."—" Poor fellow !" answered Mr Fitzwarren : " pr'ythee get up, and let us see what ails thee." Dick now tried to rise, but was obliged to lie down again, being too weak to stand ; for

he had not eaten anything for a long time, and was no longer able to run about and beg of people in the streets ; so the kind merchant ordered that he should be taken into the house, and have a good dinner immediately, and that he should be kept to do what kitchen or scullery work he could for the cook.

Little Dick would have lived very happily in his place, had it not been for the crabbed cook, who found fault with him, and scolded him from morning till night ; and was, as the old story says, so fond of basting, that, when she had no meat to baste, she would be basting poor Dick's head and shoulders. But if the cook was ill-tempered, Mr Fitzwarren's footman was just the contrary ; he had lived in the family many years, and once had a little son of his own, who died when he was about the age of Dick ; so he could not help feeling for the poor boy. This footman, too, was a very good reader ; and he used often to entertain his fellow-servants, when they had done their work, with some amusing book. The pleasure Whittington took in hearing him, made him wish very much to learn to read too ; and with a little of this good man's help, and the use of his book, Dick soon learned.

About this time, Miss Alice was going out one morning to pay a visit to a neighbour ; and the footman being unwell, little Dick was ordered to put on his new clothes (for his master had just given him a suit as a reward for his good behaviour), and to walk behind her. As they walked along, Miss Alice, seeing a poor woman with one child in her arms and another at her back, pulled out her purse, and gave her some money ; and as she was putting it again into her pocket, she dropped it on the ground, and walked on. Luckily, Dick, who was behind, saw what she had done, picked it up, and, like an honest boy,

immediately gave the purse to his mistress. Another time, as Miss Alice was sitting at an open window, amusing herself with her parrot, it suddenly flew away, and lighted upon a branch of a high tree, where all the servants were afraid to venture after it. As soon as Dick heard of this, he pulled off his jacket, and climbed up the tree as nimbly as a squirrel ; and, after a great deal of trouble—for Poll hopped about from branch to branch—he caught her, and brought her down in safety to his mistress. Miss Alice was much pleased, and praised him for his cleverness.

Besides the ill-treatment of the cook, Whittington had another hardship to endure. His bed was placed in a garret, where there were so many holes in the floor and walls, that he was awakened in his sleep every night by great numbers of rats and mice, which often ran over his face, and made such a noise, that he sometimes thought the walls were tumbling about him.

One day, a gentleman who was paying a visit to Mr Fitzwarren, happened to have dirtied his boots, and begged they might be cleaned. Dick took great pains to make them look well, and the gentleman gave him a silver penny. With this he determined to buy a cat ; and the next day, seeing a little girl with one under her arm, he went up to her, and asked if she would let him have it for a penny ; to which the girl agreed, adding that her mother had more at home than she could keep. Whittington took the cat to his garret, and always carried her a part of his own dinner ; and thus, in a short time, he had no further disturbance from the rats and mice, but slept as soundly as he could wish.

Soon after this, Mr Fitzwarren had a ship ready to sail, richly laden ; and thinking it right that his servants should have some chance of good fortune as well as himself, he

called them into the hall, and asked them what they chose to send. They all had something to venture except poor Whittington, who, having neither money nor goods, could send nothing at all ; and, therefore, he did not come in with the rest : but Miss Alice guessed what was the matter, and ordered him to be called in. The merchant then asked him what he wished to send. Upon which poor Dick answered that he had nothing but a cat, which he bought with a penny that had been given him. "Fetch the cat, then, boy," said Mr Fitzwarren, "and let her go."

Whittington went up-stairs and brought down poor puss, and gave her to the captain, with tears in his eyes ; for he said he should now again be kept awake all night by the rats and mice, as he had so often been before he got her. All the company laughed at Whittington's strange venture ; but Miss Alice, who felt the greatest pity for the poor boy, gave him a penny to buy another cat with.

This, and several other marks of kindness shown him by Miss Alice, made the ill-tempered cook so jealous of the favours poor Dick received, that she began to use him more cruelly than ever, and constantly made game of him for sending his cat to sea, asking him if he thought it would sell for as much money as would buy a stick to beat him with.

At last, Whittington, unable to bear this treatment any longer, determined to leave the house ; he, accordingly, packed up his few things, and set out very early in the morning of All-Hallows day, which is the 1st of November. He walked as far as Holloway, and there he sat down on a stone, which to this day is called Whittington's Stone, and began to consider what road he should take. While he was thus thinking what he should do, Bow-bells, of

which there were then six, began to ring ; and he fancied that their sounds addressed him in these words :—

“ Turn again, Whittington,  
Thrice Lord Mayor of London.”

This idea made such an impression upon his mind, that he exclaimed—“ Lord Mayor of London ! why, to be sure, I would bear anything to be Lord Mayor of London ! Well, I will go back, and think nothing of all the cuffing and scolding of the old cook, if I am to be Lord Mayor of London in the end.” So Dick went back, and was fortunate enough to get into the house and set about his work before the cook came down-stairs.

The ship with Whittington’s cat on board was long at sea, and was at last driven, by contrary winds, on a part of the coast of Barbary, inhabited by Moors, who were then almost unknown to the English. The people of this country came in great numbers, out of curiosity, to see the people on board ship, who were all of a different colour from themselves, and treated them with great civility ; and as they became better acquainted, showed great desire to purchase the fine silks and other things with which the ship was laden.

The captain, seeing this, sent patterns of all his choicest articles to the King of the country ; who was so pleased with them, that he sent for the captain and his chief mate to the palace. Here they were seated, as is the custom of the country, on rich carpets ; and the King and Queen sitting at the upper end of the room, dinner was brought in, which consisted of a number of the rarest dishes ; but before they had been set on the table a minute, an amazing number of rats and mice rushed in, and helped themselves plentifully from every dish, scattering the meat

and gravy all about the room. The captain wondered very much at this, and asked the King's servants if these vermin were not very troublesome.

"Oh, yes," they said, "and the King would give half his treasures to be rid of them : for they not only often destroy his dinner, as you see, but they even disturb him in his sleep ; and he is obliged to be watched, for fear of them."

The captain, who was overjoyed when he remembered poor Whittington's hard case, and the cat he had entrusted to his care, told them he had a creature on board the ship that would destroy them all.

The King was still more overjoyed than the captain. "Bring this creature to me," said he ; "and if she can really do as you say, I will load your ship with pieces of gold in exchange for her."

The captain, to make quite sure of his good luck, observed that she was a cat of such uncommon skill in catching rats and mice, that he could hardly bear to part with her ; but added, that, to oblige his Majesty, he would fetch her. "Run," said the Queen, "for I am impatient to see the creature that will do us so great a service."

The captain proceeded to the ship, while another dinner was being prepared ; and taking the cat under his arm, he returned to the palace, when he saw the table covered with rats and mice as formerly. The cat, at the sight of them, did not wait for a bidding ; but springing from the captain's arm, in a few moments laid a great part of the rats and mice dead at her feet : while the rest, with the greatest haste possible, scampered away to their holes.

The King and Queen were delighted to get rid of their enemies so easily, and desired that the creature who had done them such a service might be brought, for them to look at. Accordingly, the captain called out "Puss, puss !" and

the cat went up to him and jumped on his knee ; he then presented her to the Queen, who started back, and was afraid to touch a creature that was able to kill so many rats and mice ; but when she saw how gentle she looked, and how pleased she was to be stroked, she ventured to touch her too.

The King, having seen and considered the wonderful exploits of the cat, bargained with the captain for a great part of the ship's cargo, and afterwards gave as many wedges of gold as the captain could carry for the cat, as he at first promised ; with which, after taking leave of their Majesties and their court, the captain set sail with a fair wind for England, and, after a happy voyage, arrived safely in the port of London.

One morning, Mr Fitzwarren had just entered his counting-house, when somebody knocked at the door. " Who is there ? " says Mr Fitzwarren. " A friend," was the answer ; and on opening the door, who should it be but the captain and first mate of the ship, which had just arrived from the coast of Barbary, followed by several men, bringing with them a prodigious quantity of solid lumps of gold, which had been paid by the King of Barbary in exchange for the cargo.

They then related the adventures of the cat, and produced the rich present the King had sent to Whittington in exchange for her ; upon which the merchant called out to fetch Dick immediately, that he might tell him of his good fortune. Some of his clerks said so great a treasure was too much for such a boy as Whittington, but he replied, " God forbid that I should keep back the value of a single penny ! It is all his own, and he shall have every farthing's worth of it for himself."

He then sent for Whittington, who at that time happened

to be cleaning the harness of his young mistress's palfrey, and so very dirty, that he wished to excuse himself. Mr Fitzwarren, however, made him come in, and ordered a chair to be set for him ; so that poor Dick, thinking they were making sport of him, as they too often did in the kitchen, began to beg his master not to mock a poor simple boy, but to let him go down to work again.

"Indeed, Mr Whittington," said the merchant, "we are all quite in earnest ; and most heartily do I rejoice in the news these gentlemen have brought you ; for the captain has sold your cat to the King of Barbary, and brought you great riches in return ; and may you long enjoy them."

Mr Fitzwarren then desired the men to open the treasures they had brought, and added that Mr Whittington had now nothing to do but to put them in some place of safety.

Poor Dick scarcely knew how to behave himself for joy ; he begged his master to take what part of it he pleased, since to his kindness he was indebted for the whole. "No, no ; this wealth is all your own, and justly so," answered Mr Fitzwarren ; "and I have no doubt you will use it well."

Whittington next entreated Miss Alice to accept a part of his good fortune, but this she refused ; at the same time assuring him of the joy she felt at his great success. But the poor fellow was too kind-hearted to keep all to himself, and, accordingly, made a handsome present to the captain, the mate, and every one of the ship's company, and afterwards to his good friend the footman, and the rest of Mr Fitzwarren's servants, not even excepting the old ill-tempered cook.

After this, Mr Fitzwarren advised him to send for the

proper tradesmen, and get himself dressed as became a gentleman, and made him the offer of his house to live in, till he could provide himself with a better.

When Whittington's hair was curled, his hat feathered, and he was dressed in a suit of gentlemen's clothes, he appeared as handsome and genteel as any young man who visited at Mr Fitzwarren's ; so that Miss Alice, who had formerly looked upon him with compassion, now considered him as fit to be her companion, and soon afterwards her suitor ; and the more so, no doubt, because Mr Whittington was constantly thinking what he could do to oblige her, and making her the prettiest presents imaginable.

He sent a sum of money to the poor people in the village where he was born, and he caused the good-natured waggoner who brought him to town to be inquired after, and made him a handsome present. After showing his gratitude to every one from whom he had received the least kindness, he entered into partnership with his worthy master, and pursued the business of a merchant with the utmost attention and success.

At the end of three years, Mr Fitzwarren, perceiving the affection of Mr Whittington and his daughter for each other, consented to unite them in marriage ; and, accordingly, a day for the wedding was soon fixed ; and they were attended to church by the Lord Mayor, the aldermen, the sheriffs, and a great number of the wealthiest merchants in London. There was a grand entertainment afterwards, at which the poor were feasted as well.

History tells us that Whittington and his lady lived in great splendour, and were very happy ; that they had several children ; that he was Sheriff of London, and three times afterwards Lord Mayor ; that, in the last year of his mayoralty, he entertained King Henry the Fifth, on his

return from the battle of Agincourt, upon which occasion the King, in consideration of Whittington's gallantry, knighted him with the style and title of Sir Richard Whittington.

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## THE CHILD AND HIND.

COME, maids and matrons, to caress  
Wiesbaden's gentle hind,  
And, smiling, deck its glossy neck  
With forest flowers entwined.

'Twas after church—on Ascension-day—  
When organs ceased to sound,  
Wiesbaden's people crowded gay  
The deer-park's pleasant ground.

Here came a twelve years' married pair—  
And with them wandered free  
Seven sons and daughters, blooming fair,  
A gladsome sight to see !

Their Wilhelm, little innocent,  
The youngest of the seven,  
Was beautiful as painters paint  
The cherubim of heaven.

By turns he gave his hand, so dear  
To parent, sister, brother,  
And each, that he was safe and near,  
Confided in the other.

But Wilhelm loved the field-flowers bright,  
With love beyond all measure ;  
And culled them with as keen delight  
As misers gather treasure.

Unnoticed, he contrived to glide  
Adown a greenwood alley,  
By lilies lured, that grew beside  
A streamlet in the valley ;

And there, where under beech and birch  
The rivulet meandered,  
He strayed, till neither shout nor search  
Could track where he had wandered.

Still louder, with increasing dread,  
They called his darling name :  
But 'twas like speaking to the dead—  
An echo only came.

Hours passed till evening's beetle roams,  
And blackbird's songs begin ;  
Then all went back to happy homes,  
Save Wilhelm's kith and kin.

The night came on—all others slept  
Their cares away till morn ;  
But sleepless, all night watched and wept  
That family forlorn.

Betimes the town-crier had been sent  
With loud bell up and down ;  
And told th' afflicting accident  
Throughout Wiesbaden's town.

The news reached Nassau's Duke.—Ere earth  
Was gladdened by the lark,  
He sent a hundred soldiers forth  
To ransack all his park.

But though they roused up beast and bird  
From many a nest and den,  
No signal of success was heard  
From all the hundred men.

A second morning's light expands,  
Unfound the infant fair;  
And Wilhelm's household wring their hands,  
Abandoned to despair.

But, haply, a poor artisan  
Searched ceaselessly, till he  
Found safe asleep the little one,  
Beneath a beechen tree.

His hand still grasped a bunch of flowers,  
And—true, though wondrous—near  
To sentry his reposing hours,  
There stood a female deer,

Who dipped her horns at all that passed  
The spot where Wilhelm lay;  
Till force was had to hold her fast,  
And bear the boy away.

Hail! sacred love of childhood!—hail!  
How sweet it is to trace  
Thine instinct in Creation's scale,  
Even 'neath the human race.

To this poor wanderer of the wild,  
Speech, reason, were unknown—  
And yet she watched a sleeping child,  
As if it were her own.

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## THE SCHOLAR'S FIRST PILGRIMAGE TO THE TEMPLE OF LEARNING.

THE road seemed at first easy and pleasant enough, and yet I could not help letting drop a good many tears when I was first called to set out, with some young companions of my own age. Their company was agreeable enough, but their prattle too often drew off my attention from the work which now lay before me.

The first enemies we met with were three strange-looking little creatures, which were, however, as we found, only the advanced-guard of a regular army, which was seen approaching towards us in battle-array. The names of the first three, we were told, were A, B, and C, and the forms of them all seemed to us then very odd and grotesque ; some were striding across the path, others standing with their arms a-kimbo ; some hanging down their heads, others quite erect ; some standing on one leg, others on two, and one, strange to say, on three ; another had his arms crossed, and one was remarkably crooked ; some, too, were very slender, while others were as broad as they were long. But, although they differed so much in form and costume, yet, when they were all marshalled in line of battle, they had a very orderly and regular appearance.

Being a little frightened by their numbers, our first

inclination was to retreat ; but, being urged forward by our guide, we soon mastered the three who led the van ; and this gave us spirit to attack the main army, who were conquered to a man before we left the field.

We had scarcely taken breath after this first victory, when, to our no small dismay, we observed another strong body of the enemy stationed upon the opposite side. These were exactly equal in number to the former army, but vastly superior in size and stature. They were, in fact, a race of giants, though of the same species as the others, and were *capitally* equipped for the attack. Their appearance discouraged us greatly at first, but we found that their strength was not in proportion to their size, and having now gained much skill and courage by the late engagement, we soon succeeded in subduing them also, and passed off the field of battle in triumph.

After this we were for a long time constantly engaged with small bodies of the enemy, no longer extended in line of battle, but in small bands of two, three, and four together. We had some tough work here, and now and then they were too many for us. When they had annoyed us in this way for a time, they began to form themselves into close columns, six or eight abreast ; but we had now acquired so much skill in dealing with them, that they were easily mastered.

Having continued in this route for a considerable distance, the face of the country suddenly changed, and we began to enter upon a vast succession of snowy plains, where we were each of us furnished with a certain light weapon, sharp at one end, which we *flourished* continually, and with which we made many light *strokes*, and some desperate ones. The waters hereabouts were dark and brackish, and indeed as black as ink ; and the snowy surface

of the plain was continually stained, and sometimes blotted, by them.

The next country which we reached was a very dreary and barren region, the soil being remarkably dry and *slaty*. Here we saw many curious *figures*, and were sadly puzzled by them ; but we soon learned that the inhabitants of this desert were in reality only *ciphers*. Sometimes they appeared in vast numbers, being continually *added* to by fresh arrivals ; at other times they were *divided* into smaller bands, until scarcely a *fraction* of them remained.

Our road, after this, wound through a rugged and hilly country, which was divided into eight or nine principal *parts*, each under a different *government* ; and these were again so much further divided in numerous ways, that some of them we were at last obliged to *decline*.

I do not mean at present to describe the further portion of our journey. It is sufficient to say that, although our course at first lay all up-hill, it became less fatiguing and more interesting every day ; and that when we had reached a certain height, we could see before us all the charms of a beautiful and variegated country. And although after years of travel and labour we were still very far from the Temple of Learning, to reach which was the object of our journey, we yet found in the way so much to amuse, delight, and instruct us, that with thankful hearts to those friends who first set us on the path, we determined to go on with courage and hope, to the end of the long road before us.

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## A SCENE IN THE NEST OF A ROBIN REDBREAST.

WHILE her mate was in search of food for the family, the hen-redbreast returned to the nest. But when she came near to it, she was surprised at not hearing, as usual, the chirping of her young ones; and great was her astonishment at seeing them all crowded together, and trembling with apprehension. "What is the matter, my nestlings," said she, "that I find you in this state of alarm?"—"Oh, my dear mother!" cried Robin, who first ventured to raise up his head, "is it you?" Pecksy then also revived, and entreated her mother to come into the nest, which she did without delay, and the little tremblers crept under her wings, and tried to conceal themselves in that happy retreat. "What is it that has terrified you so?" said she. "Oh, I do not know," replied Dicky; "but we have seen such a monster as I never beheld before."—"A monster, my dear! Pray describe it."—"I cannot," said Dicky, "it was too frightful to be described."—"Frightful, indeed!" cried Robin; "but I had a full view of it, and will give you the best description I can. We were all sitting peaceably in the nest, and were very happy together,—Dicky and I were trying to sing, when suddenly we heard a noise against the wall; and presently a great red round face appeared before the nest, with a pair of enormous staring eyes, a very large beak, and below that a wide mouth, with two rows of bones in it, that looked as if they could grind us all to pieces in a moment. All over the top of this round face, and down the sides, hung something black, but not like feathers. When the two staring

eyes had looked at us for some time, the whole thing disappeared."

"I cannot at all tell, Robin, from your description, what this thing could be," said the mother; "but perhaps it may come again."—"Oh! I hope not," cried Flapsy; "I shall die with fear if it does."—"Why so, my love?" said her mother; "has it done you any harm?"—"I cannot say it has," replied Flapsy. "Well, then, you do very wrong, my dear, in giving way to such alarm. You must try to get over this timorous disposition. When you go abroad in the world, you will see many strange objects; and if you are frightened at every strange sight, you will live a very unhappy life. Try to be good, and then you need not fear anything. But here comes your father; perhaps he will be able to explain what it was which alarmed you so much to-day."

As soon as the father had given the worm to Robin, he was preparing to depart for another; but, to his surprise, all the rest of the nestlings begged him to stay, declaring they would willingly go without their meal, if he would only remain at home and take care of them. "Stay at home, indeed! and take care of you!" said he. "Why is that more necessary now than usual?" Their mother then related the strange story they had told her about the monster they had seen. "Nonsense!" said he; "a monster! great eyes! large mouth! long beak! I don't understand such stuff. Besides, as it did them no harm, what is the use of their being afraid, now that it is gone?"—"Don't be angry, dear father," said Pecksy; "for it was very frightful indeed."—"Well," said he, "I will fly all round the orchard, and perhaps I may meet this monster." "Oh, it will eat you up! it will eat you up!" said Flapsy. "Never fear," said he; and away he flew.

The mother then attempted again to calm them, but all in vain, for their fears were now increased by alarm for their father's safety. However, to their great joy, he soon returned. "Well," said he, "I have seen the monster." The little ones then clung to their mother, fearing that the dreadful creature was just at hand. "What! afraid again?" cried he; "what a lot of brave hearts I have got in my nest! Why, when you fly about in the world, you will be sure to see hundreds of such monsters, as you call them, unless you choose to live a very retired life indeed; for even in woods and forests you will be likely to meet some of them, and those of the most mischievous kind."—"I begin to think," said the mother, "that these dear nestlings have seen the face of a *man*."—"Even so," replied her mate; "it is indeed a man, and no other than our friend the gardener, who has so alarmed them."

"A *man*!" cried Dicky; "was that frightful thing a man?"—"Nothing else, I assure you," answered his father; "and a good man too, I have reason to believe; for he is very careful not to frighten your mother and me, when we are picking up worms; and he has frequently thrown crumbs of bread to us, when he was eating his breakfast."—"And does he live in this garden?" said Flapsy. "He works here very often," replied her father, "but is frequently absent."—"Oh then," cried she, "pray take us abroad when he is away, for indeed I cannot bear to see him."—"You are a little simpleton," said the father; "and I have a good mind to leave you in the nest, when I am teaching your brothers and sisters to fly and peck; and what will you do then? for you must not expect that I shall leave them to bring you food." Flapsy, fearful of making her father quite angry, promised to

wiser, and to follow his advice ; and the rest soon got over their alarm, and recovered their spirits once more.

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## LORD WILLIAM AND EDMUND.

No eye beheld when William plunged  
Young Edmund in the stream :  
No human ear but William's heard  
Young Edmund's drowning scream.

Submissive, all the vassals owned  
The murderer for their lord :  
And he, as rightful heir, possessed  
The house of Erlingford.

But never could Lord William dare  
To gaze on Severn's stream ;  
In every wind that swept its waves,  
He heard young Edmund scream !

In vain, at midnight's silent hour,  
Sleep closed the murderer's eyes :  
In every dream, the murderer saw  
Young Edmund's form arise !

Each hour was tedious long, yet swift  
The months appeared to roll ;  
And now the day returned that shook,  
With terror, William's soul.

A fearful day was that ! the rains  
Fell fast, with tempest roar,  
And the swollen tide of Severn spread  
Far on the level shore.

In vain Lord William sought the feast,  
In vain he quaffed the bowl,  
And strove, with noisy mirth, to drown  
The anguish of his soul.

The tempest, as its sudden swell  
In gusty howlings came,  
With cold and death-like feelings seemed  
To thrill his shuddering frame.

Reluctant, now, as night came on,  
His lonely couch he pressed ;  
And, wearied out, he sank to sleep,  
To sleep—but not to rest.

Beside that couch his brother's form,  
Lord Edmund, seemed to stand—  
Such, and so pale, as when in death  
He grasped his brother's hand.

“I bade thee with a father's love  
My orphan Edmund guard—  
Well, William, hast thou kept thy charge !  
Now take thy due reward.”

He started up, each limb convulsed  
With agonising fear—  
He only heard the storm of night—  
’Twas music to his ear.

When, lo ! the voice of loud alarm  
His inmost soul appals—  
“What, ho ! Lord William, rise in haste !  
The water saps thy walls !”

He rose in haste—beneath the walls  
He saw the flood appear ;  
It hemmed him round—'twas midnight now—  
No human aid was near.

He heard the shout of joy ! for now  
A boat approached the wall ;  
And eager, to the welcome aid,  
They crowd for safety all.

“My boat is small,” the boatman cried,  
“’Twill bear but one away ;  
Come in, Lord William, and do ye  
In God’s protection stay.”

The boatman plied the oar, the boat  
Went light along the stream ;—  
Sudden Lord William heard a cry,  
Like Edmund’s dying scream !

The boatman paused—“Methought I heard  
A child’s distressful cry !”—  
“’Twas but the howling winds of night,”  
Lord William made reply.

“Haste—haste—ply swift and strong the oar,  
Haste—haste across the stream !”  
Again Lord William heard a cry,  
Like Edmund’s drowning scream !

“I heard a child’s distressful scream,”  
The boatman cried again.  
“Nay, hasten on—the night is dark—  
And we should search in vain.”

"O God ! Lord William, dost thou know  
How dreadful 'tis to die ?  
And canst thou, without pity, hear  
A child's expiring cry ?

"How horrible it is to sink  
Beneath the chilly stream :  
To stretch the powerless arms in vain  
In vain for help to scream !"

The shriek again was heard : it came  
More deep, more piercing loud.  
That instant, o'er the flood, the moon  
Shone through a broken cloud ;

And near them they beheld a child ;  
Upon a crag he stood—  
A little crag—and all around  
Was spread the rising flood.

The boatman plied the oar, the boat  
Approached his resting-place ;  
The moonbeam shone upon the child,  
And showed how pale his face.

"Now reach thy hand," the boatman cried,  
"Lord William, reach and save !"  
The child stretched forth his little hands,  
To grasp the hand he gave.

Then William shrieked ;—the hand he touched  
Was cold, and damp, and dead !  
He felt young Edmund in his arms,  
A heavier weight than lead !

"Help! help! for mercy, help!" he cried,  
"The waters round me flow."—  
"No—William—to an infant's cries  
No mercy didst thou show."

The boat sank down—the murderer sank  
Beneath th' avenging stream;  
He rose—he screamed—no human ear  
Heard William's drowning scream.

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### PATIENCE REWARDED.

FRANK was a poor lame boy; when he was quite an infant, his back was so much injured by a fall, that, as he grew older, he could not walk without crutches, or something to hold by. His parents being dead, this poor orphan was left to the care of his grandmother, an old woman, who was almost as lame and helpless as himself; and when he first came to her, she used to complain very much, that she, who was so old and infirm, should have the care of a little boy so helpless as Frank; but she soon found, that although Frank could not go about or do her errands, yet he was very useful. She had never before met with any one so patient; he would sit by her side all the day long, reading to her, or writing for her; and after he had been with her some time, she was often heard to remark, that it was no misfortune to her that Frank was lame, and not able to run about like other children; "for," said she, "I do not know what I could do without him, he is so gentle, and so useful to me."

This old woman was rather selfish, but she became very fond of Frank, and was never comfortable when he was

out of her sight. She was very kind to him, for she taught him to read and write, so that he became at ten years of age as clever as most other children, in all those things which his grandmother could teach him ; but she could not bring him far forward in his learning, because she did not know much herself. However, Frank felt grateful to her ; and whenever she was rather cross, which was sometimes the case, he never answered her impatiently, but was so good-humoured, that she could not long be angry with him. Indeed, Frank's good and patient temper gained him many friends, and even the boys who played on the green would often leave their games to come and talk to him, because they did not find him quarrelsome, as other boys were.

His grandmother, who had long been very infirm—for she was of a great age—at length fell ill : the doctor, who came to see her, observed Frank, every day, as he patiently sat by the bed-side. One day this kind doctor said to the old woman, “What is the reason this poor little fellow walks upon crutches ? has he ever been taught to read and write ?” When she had answered these questions, the doctor said, “My good boy, do you think your grandmother could spare you for a month or two, if I were to take you to my house and try to cure your lameness ?” Frank was so much astonished, that he could not speak for some time ; but his grandmother shook her head, and said, “I cannot spare him while I am so ill : if you take my only comfort away from me, I shall die.”—“No, I will not leave my grandmother,” said Frank. The doctor was pleased with his conduct, and, as he took his leave, he called Frank a dutiful child, and said that he would in future be a friend to him.

After the doctor had left the house, Frank could think of nothing but what he had said to him. “Perhaps,”

thought he, "I might have been cured of my lameness, and perhaps he would have sent me to school: how happy I should be if I could go to school, for I wish to understand many things that my grandmother cannot explain to me. But I ought not to leave her—no; that would be wicked indeed, for she has fed and clothed me almost all my life." For some minutes these thoughts made him look grave; but he was again becoming quite cheerful, when his grandmother began to scold him. She was ill, and in pain, and it made her angry to see Frank look so grave, for she thought that he wished to leave her: she told him it was cruel to wish to go away from her when she was so ill. Frank tried to convince her that he did not wish to leave her; but she would not believe him, and never afterwards spoke good-humouredly to him, but was dissatisfied with everything he did. If he began to read to her, she told him he read so badly she could not bear to hear him; if he tried to amuse her by talking, she said he fatigued her; and if he kept quite silent, she called him a sulky little boy: so that he could not please her. Yet he did not forget his duty: he knew that his grandmother suffered great pain, and he did not show any impatience, but tried to make her cheerful by every means in his power.

One morning the doctor came again, and after he had been talking for a few minutes to the old woman, he inquired if Frank was still a good and attentive nurse to her. Just at that moment the old grandmother was in a very ill-humour indeed, and, instead of answering him, she shook her head very angrily and looked at Frank, so that the doctor thought she wished to explain to him that Frank had not behaved well to her: he therefore did not speak to the poor boy again, but soon after took his leave. Frank now felt very unhappy; he could not help thinking that

he was very unfortunate indeed, to have offended both his grandmother and his good friend the doctor. He knew, however, that though he was but a poor orphan, and without a relation in the world, excepting his grandmother, he had a heavenly Father, who would not forsake him, so long as he was good. This thought often comforted him when he was unhappy; therefore it was Frank's piety which made him cheerful and good, and which was the cause, as we shall afterwards learn, of his becoming not only as happy as any little boy in the world, but of his having advantages which other boys had not.

Although Frank could not help feeling very melancholy at the thought of having lost the friendship of the good doctor, yet he was as attentive and patient to his grandmother as ever.

One day, after he had been sitting a long time in her close room, he felt quite ill; so he took up his crutches, and walked to the door, which led out into a little garden. Finding that the air did him good, he went on towards the gate; when all at once his head became giddy, he felt very sick, and would have fallen, had he not caught hold of a rail. A neighbour, who was going by, ran to his assistance, and soon after he was carried into the house, and laid upon a bed. He looked so pale, and it was so long before he could speak, that the neighbour, thinking he was going to die, sent for the doctor. As soon as Frank saw his old friend enter the room, he burst into tears. The good doctor asked the cause of his illness, and everything about his late conduct to his grandmother; and when he heard how dutiful and attentive Frank had really been, he ordered him to be carried to his own house, and desired his housekeeper to take care of him until he was quite recovered.

young sailor, of whom I had some knowledge, had died after a long illness, that had been attended by circumstances which the doctors could not well understand. It was, therefore, determined that the body of the poor man should be opened, in order to ascertain the cause of death. And, on passing from the street into the yard, with a load of the slates which I was to take to the house-top, my attention was drawn to a stream of bloody water flowing through the gutter, which ran through the passage. The idea that this was the blood of the dead youth, whom I had so lately seen alive, made me shudder; and I lost so much of my presence of mind, that when I had ascended to the top of the ladder, and was in the act of stepping from it on to the roof, I lost my footing, and fell backward, from a height of about thirty-five feet, into the paved court below.

Of what followed I know scarcely anything. For one moment, indeed, I awoke from my death-like state, and then found that my father, attended by a crowd of people, was bearing me homeward in his arms; but I relapsed immediately into a state of unconsciousness.

In this state I remained for a fortnight, as I afterwards learned. These days were a blank in my life, and when I awoke one morning to consciousness, it was as from a night of sleep. I saw that it was at least two hours later than my usual time of rising, and wondered that I had been suffered to sleep so late. I tried to spring up in bed, and was astonished to find that I could not even move.

I was very slow in learning that my hearing was entirely gone. The unusual stillness of all things was pleasant to me in my weak state; and when I saw my friends talking together, and could not hear their voices, I thought that they spoke in whispers out of regard to my feeble

condition. The truth became known at last, in consequence of my desire to have the book which had so much interested me on the day of my fall. I asked for this book with much earnestness, and was answered by signs which I could not comprehend.

"Why do you not speak?" I cried. "Pray, let me have the book."

This seemed to create some confusion and difficulty; but at length some one, more clever than the rest, hit upon the happy plan of writing upon a slate, that the book had been taken back by the owner, and that I could not in my weak state be allowed to read it.

"But," I said, in great astonishment, "why do you write to me, why not speak? Speak, speak!"

Those who stood around the bed exchanged evident looks of concern, and one of them soon displayed upon the slate the awful words—"You are deaf."

Time passed on, and I slowly recovered my strength, but my deafness continued. The doctors were puzzled by it. They poured into my ears infusions hot and cold; they bled me, blistered me, leeches me, physicked me; and, at last, they put a watch between my teeth, and on finding that I was unable to distinguish the ticking, they gave it up as a bad case, and left me to my fate. It was still some time before I could leave my bed, and much longer before I could quit my chamber. During this time I had no resource but reading; and the long and uninterrupted spell at it which I then had, went, no doubt, far in fixing the habits of my future life, which have enabled me, under all my privations, to be of some use in my day and generation.

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## THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.

COME, take up your hats, and away let us haste  
To the Butterfly's ball and the Grasshopper's feast ;  
The trumpeter Gadfly has summoned the crew,  
And the revels are now only waiting for you.

On the smooth-shaven grass, by the side of the wood,  
Beneath a broad oak, that for ages has stood,  
See the children of earth, and the tenants of air,  
For an evening's amusement together repair.

And there came the Beetle, so blind and so black,  
Who carried the Emmet, his friend, on his back ;  
And there was the Gnat, and the Dragon-fly too ;  
With all their relations, green, orange, and blue.

And there came the Moth in his plumage of down,  
And the Hornet in jacket of yellow and brown,  
Who with him the Wasp, his companion, did bring,  
But they promised that evening to lay by their sting.

And the sly little Dormouse crept out of his hole,  
And led to the feast his blind brother, the Mole ;  
And the Snail, with his horns peeping out from his shell,  
Came from a great distance—the length of an ell.

A mushroom their table, and on it was laid  
A water-dock leaf, which the table-cloth made ;  
The viands were varied, to each of their taste,  
And the Bee brought his honey to crown the repast.

There close on his haunches, so solemn and wise,  
The Frog from a corner looked up to the skies ;  
And the Squirrel, well pleased such diversion to see,  
Sat cracking his nuts, overhead, in a tree.

Then out came the Spider, with fingers so fine,  
To show his dexterity on the tight-line ;  
From one branch to another his cobwebs he slung,  
Then as quick as an arrow he darted along.

But just in the middle, oh ! shocking to tell !  
From his rope in one instant poor harlequin fell ;  
Yet he touched not the ground, but with talons out-  
spread,  
Hung suspended in air at the end of a thread.

Then the Grasshopper came, with a jerk and a spring,  
Very long was his leg, though but short was his wing ;  
He took but three leaps, and was soon out of sight,  
Then chirped his own praises the rest of the night.

With step so majestic, the Snail did advance,  
And promised the gazers a minuet to dance ;  
But they all laughed so loud, that he pulled in his head,  
And went, in his own little chamber, to bed.

Then, as evening gave way to the shadows of night,  
Their watchman, the Glowworm, came out with his  
light ;  
So home let us hasten, while yet we can see,  
For no watchman is waiting for you or for me.

## HUGH MILLER'S ACCOUNT OF HIS FIRST DAY'S WORK.

It was twenty years last February since I set out one morning, a little before sunrise, to make my first acquaintance with a life of labour and restraint; and I have seldom had a heavier heart than I had that morning. I was but a slim boy at the time, fond enough of imaginings and day-dreams; and now I was going to work at what I had heard was one of the most disagreeable of all employments—to work in a quarry. The portion of my life which had already gone by, had been happy beyond the common lot. I had been a wanderer among rocks and woods—a reader of curious books, when I could get them—a gleaner of old stories; and now I was going to exchange all my day-dreams, and all my amusements, for the kind of life in which men toil every day that they may be enabled to eat, and eat every day that they may be enabled to toil.

The quarry in which I wrought lay on the southern shore of a noble inland bay, with a little clear stream on one side, and a thick fir-wood on the other. It had been opened in the old red sandstone rocks of the district, and was overtopped by a huge bank of clay. A heap of loose fragments, which had fallen from above, blocked up the face of the quarry, and my first employment was to clear this away. The friction of the shovel soon blistered my hands, but the pain was by no means very severe, and I worked hard and willingly, that I might see how the huge strata below were to be torn up and removed. Picks, wedges, and levers were applied by my brother workmen; but they all proved inefficient, and it became necessary to

bore a hole and blow up the rock with gunpowder. This process was new to me, and I thought it a highly amusing one ; and its very danger added to my interest and excitement. We had a few capital shots ; the fragments flew in every direction, and an immense mass came toppling down. The earth, in its fall, brought with it the bodies of two little birds, which had crept into its fissures, to die in the shelter ; and I felt a new interest in examining them. One was a pretty cock-goldfinch, with its hood of vermillion, and its wings inlaid with gold, to which it owes its name—as unsoiled and smooth as if it had been preserved for a museum. The other was a somewhat rarer bird, of the woodpecker tribe, and was variegated with light blue and a greyish yellow. I was taken up with admiring the poor little things, when I heard our employer bidding the workmen lay by their tools. I looked up, and saw the sun sinking behind the thick fir-wood beside us, and the long dark shadows of the trees stretching down towards the shore.

This, then, was no very formidable beginning of the course of life I had so much dreaded. To be sure, my hands were a little sore, and I felt nearly as much fatigued as if I had been climbing among the rocks : but I had worked and been useful, and had yet enjoyed the day quite as much as usual.

I was as light of heart next morning as any of my brother workmen. There had been a smart frost during the night, and the rime lay white on the grass, as we passed onward through the fields ; but the sun rose in a clear sky, and the day softened, as it advanced, into one of those delightful days of early spring, which give so pleasant a foretaste of whatever is mild and genial in the better half of the year. All the workmen rested at mid-day, and I

went to enjoy my half-hour alone on a mossy knoll in the neighbouring wood, which commands, through the trees, a wide prospect of the bay and the opposite shore. There was not a wrinkle on the water, not a cloud in the sky, and the branches were as motionless in the calm, as if they were drawn in a picture. I enjoyed my repose, and the exquisite view, and returned to my work at the quarry, convinced that a very delightful pleasure may be a very cheap one, and that the busiest employment may afford leisure enough to enjoy it.

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## PERSEVERANCE.

### A STORY.

YOU may perhaps have heard that my father was a man of good estate. He thought of nothing, poor man ! but how to spend it. He died at the age of five and forty, and left his family beggars. I believe he would not have taken to drinking, as he did, had it not been for his impatient temper, which made him fret and vex himself for every trifle, and then he had nothing for it but to drown his care in liquor.

It was my lot to be taken in charge by my mother's brother, who was master of a merchant-ship. I served him as an apprentice several years, and underwent a good deal of the usual hardships of a sailor's life. He had just made me his mate in a voyage up the Mediterranean, when we had the misfortune to be wrecked on the coast of Morocco. The ship struck at some distance from shore, and we lay a long stormy night, with the waves dashing over us, expect-

ing every moment to perish. My uncle and several of the crew died of fatigue and want, and by morning but four of us were alive. My companions were so disheartened, that they thought of nothing but submitting to their fate. For my part, I thought life still worth struggling for ; and the weather having become calmer, I persuaded them to join me in making a kind of raft, by the help of which, after much toil and danger, we reached the land. Here we were seized by the barbarous inhabitants, and carried up the country as slaves to the Emperor. We were employed about some public buildings, made to work very hard with the whip at our backs, and allowed nothing but water and a kind of pulse. I have heard persons talk as if there were little in being a slave but the name ; but they who have been slaves themselves, I am sure, will never make light of slavery in others. A ransom was set on our heads, but so high, that it seemed impossible for poor friendless creatures like us ever to pay it. The thought of perpetual servitude, together with the hard treatment they met with, quite overcame my poor companions. They drooped and died one after another. I, however, still thought it not impossible to mend my condition, and perhaps to recover my freedom. We worked about twelve hours in the day, and had one holiday in the week. I employed my leisure time in learning to make mats and flag-baskets, in which I soon became so expert, as to have a good many for sale, and thereby got a little money to purchase better food and several small conveniences. We were afterwards set to work in the Emperor's gardens ; and here I showed so much goodwill and attention, that I got into favour with the overseer. He had a large garden of his own, and he made interest for me to be suffered to work for him alone, on the condition of paying a man to do my duty. I soon

became so useful to him, that he treated me more like a hired servant than a slave, and gave me regular wages. I learned the language of the country, and I might have passed my time comfortably enough, could I have accommodated myself to their manners and religion, and forgot my native land. I saved all I could in order to purchase my freedom, but the ransom was so high, that I had little prospect of being able to do it for some years to come. A circumstance, however, happened which brought it about at once. Some villains one night laid a plot to murder my master and plunder his house. I slept in a little shed in the garden, where the tools lay, and being awakened by a noise, I saw four men break through the fence, and walk up an alley towards the house. I crept out with a spade in my hand, and silently followed them. They made a hole with instruments in the house-wall, big enough for a man to enter by. Two of them had got in, and the third was beginning to enter, when I rushed forward, and with a blow of my spade split the skull of one of the robbers, and gave the other such a stroke on the shoulder as disabled him. I then raised a loud outcry to alarm the family. My master and his son, who lay in the house, got up, and having let me in, we secured the two others, after a sharp conflict, in which I received a severe wound with a dagger. My master, who looked upon me as his preserver, had all possible care taken of me, and as soon as I was cured, made me a present of my liberty. He would fain have kept me with him, but my mind was so much bent on returning to my native country, that I immediately set out to the nearest seaport, and took my passage in a vessel bound for Gibraltar.

From this place I returned in the first ship for England. As soon as we arrived in the Downs, and I was rejoicing

at the sight of the white cliffs, a man-of-war's boat came alongside, and they pressed into the King's service all of us who were seamen. I could not but think it hard that this should be my welcome at home after a long slavery ; but there was no remedy. I resolved to do my duty in my station, and leave the rest to Providence. I was abroad during the remainder of the war, and saw many a stout fellow sink under disease and despondency. My knowledge of seamanship got me promoted to the post of a petty officer, and at the peace I was paid off, and received a pretty sum for wages and prize-money. With this I set off for London. I had experienced too much distress from want to be inclined to squander away my money, so I put it into the banker's hands, and began to look out for some new way of life.

Unfortunately, there were some things of which I had no more experience than a child, and the tricks of London were among these. An advertisement, offering extraordinary advantages to a partner in a commercial concern, who could bring a small capital, tempted me to make inquiry about the matter ; and I was soon cajoled by a plausible artful fellow to venture my whole stock in it. The business was a manufacture, about which I knew nothing at all ; but as I was not afraid of my labour, I set about working as they directed me, with great diligence, and thought all was going on prosperously. One morning, on coming to the office, I found my partners had decamped ; and the same day I was arrested for a considerable sum due by the partnership. It was in vain for me to think of getting bail, so I was obliged to go to prison. Here I should have been half-starved, but for my Moorish trade of mat-making, by the help of which I bettered my condition for some months ; when the creditors, finding

that nothing could be got out of me, suffered me to be set at liberty.

I was now in the wide world without a farthing or a friend, but I thanked God that I had health and limbs left to me.

I did not choose to trust the sea again, but preferred my other trade of gardening ; so I applied to a nurseryman near town, and was received as a day-labourer. I set myself cheerfully to work, taking care to be in the grounds the first man in the morning, and the last at night. I acquainted my employer with all the processes I had learned in Morocco, and got him, in return, to instruct me in his own. In time, I came to be considered as a skilful workman, and was advanced to higher wages. My affairs were in a flourishing state. I was well fed, and comfortably lodged, and saved money into the bargain. About this time I fell into company with a young woman at service, very notable and well behaved, who seemed well qualified to be the wife of a working man. I ventured to make an offer to her, which proved not disagreeable ; and after we had calculated a little how we were to live, we married. I took a cottage, with an acre or two of land to it, and my wife's savings furnished our house, and bought a cow. All my leisure time I spent upon my piece of ground, which I made very productive ; and the profits of my cow, with my wages, supported us very well. No mortal, I think, could be happier than I was after a hard day's work, by my own fireside, with my wife beside me, and our little infant on my knee.

After this way of life had lasted two or three years, a gentleman, who had dealt largely with my master for young plants, asked him if he could recommend an honest industrious man for a tenant, upon some land that he had

lately taken in from the sea. My master, willing to do me a kindness, mentioned me. I was tempted by the proposal, and going down to view the premises, I took a farm upon a lease at a low rent, and removed my family and goods to it, one hundred and fifty miles from London. There was ground enough for the money, but much was left to be done for it in draining, manuring, and fencing. Then it required more stock than I was able to furnish ; so, though unwilling, I was obliged to borrow some money of my landlord, who let me have it at a moderate interest. I began with a good heart, and worked late and early to put things into the best condition. My first misfortune was, that the place proved unhealthy to us. I fell into a lingering ague, which pulled me down much, and hindered my business. My wife caught a slow fever, and so did our eldest child. The poor child died ; and what with grief and illness, my wife had much to do to recover. Then the rot got among my sheep, and carried off the best part of my stock. I bore up against distress as well as I could ; and by the kindness of my landlord was enabled to bring things tolerably about again. We regained our health, and began to be seasoned to the climate. As we were cheering ourselves with the prospect of better times, a dreadful storm arose (it was one night in February, I shall never forget it), and drove the spring-tide with such fury against our sea-banks, that they gave way. The water rushed in with such force, that all was presently at sea. Two hours before daylight, I was awakened by the noise of the waves dashing against our house, and bursting in at the door. My wife and I, and the two children, slept on the ground-floor. We had just time to carry the children up-stairs, before all was afloat in the room. When day appeared we could see nothing from the windows but water. All the

out-houses, ricks, and utensils were swept away, and all the cattle and sheep drowned. The sea kept rising, and the force of the current bore so hard against our house, that we thought every moment it must fall. We clasped our babies to our breasts, and expected nothing but present death. At length we spied a boat coming to us. With a good deal of difficulty it got under our window, and took us in, with our servant-maid and boy. A few clothes was all the property we saved ; and we had not left the house half an hour before it fell, and in a minute nothing was to be seen of it. Not only the farm-house, but the farm itself, was gone.

I was now again a ruined man ; and, what was worse, I had three partners in my ruin. My wife and I looked at one another, and then at our little ones, and wept. Neither of us had a word of comfort to say. At last, thought I, this country is not Morocco, however. Here are good souls that will pity our case, and perhaps relieve us. Then I have a character and a pair of hands. Things are bad, but they might have been worse. I took my wife by the hand and knelt down. She did the same. I thanked God for His mercy in saving our lives, and prayed that He would continue to protect us. We rose up with lightened hearts, and were able to talk calmly about our condition. It was my desire to return to my former master, the nurseryman ; but how to convey my family so far without money, was the difficulty. Indeed, I not only had nothing, but I owed a good deal to my landlord. He came down, upon the news of the misfortune ; and though his own losses were heavy, he not only forgave my debt and released me from all obligations, but made me a small present. Some charitable neighbours did the like ; but I was most of all affected by the kindness of our late

maid-servant, who insisted upon our accepting of a crown which she had saved out of her wages. Poor soul! we had always treated her like one of ourselves, and she felt for us like one.

As soon as we had got some necessaries, and the weather was tolerably good, we set out on our long march. My wife carried her infant in her arms. I took the bigger child on my back, and a bundle of clothes in my hand. We could walk but a few miles a-day; but we now and then got a lift in an empty waggon or cart, which was a great help to us. One day we met with a farmer returning with his team from market, who let me ride, and entered into conversation with me. I told him of my adventures, in which he seemed much interested; and learning that I was skilled in managing trees, he informed me that a nobleman in his neighbourhood was making great plantations, and would very likely be glad to engage me; and he offered to carry us to the place. As all I was seeking was a living by my labour, I thought the sooner I got it the better; so I thankfully accepted his offer. He took us to the nobleman's steward, and made known our case. The steward wrote to my old master for a character; and receiving a favourable one, he hired me as principal manager of a new plantation, and settled me and my family in a snug cottage near it. He advanced us somewhat for a little furniture and present subsistence, and we had once more a *home*. How many blessings are contained in that word, to those who have known the want of it!

I entered upon my new employment with as much satisfaction as if I were taking possession of an estate. My wife had enough to do in taking care of the house and children; so it lay with me to provide for all; and I may

say that I was not idle. Besides my weekly pay from the steward, I contrived to make a little money at leisure times, by pruning and dressing gentlemen's fruit trees. I was allowed a piece of waste ground behind the house for a garden ; and I spent a good deal of labour in bringing it into order. My old master sent me down for a present some choice young trees and flower-roots, which I planted, and they throve wonderfully. Things went on almost as well as I could desire. The situation being dry and healthy, my wife recovered her lost bloom, and the children sprang up like my plants. I began to hope that I was almost out of the reach of further misfortune ; but it was not so ordered.

I had been three years in this situation, and had increased my family by another child, when my lord died. He was succeeded by a very dissipated young man, deep in debt, who presently put a stop to the planting and improving of the estate, and sent orders to turn off all the workmen. This was a great blow to me. However, I still hoped to be allowed to keep my little house and garden ; and I thought I could then maintain myself as a nurseryman and gardener. But a new steward was sent down, with directions to rack the tenants to the utmost. He asked me as much rent for the place as if I had found the garden ready made to my hands ; and when I told him it was impossible for me to pay it, he gave me notice to quit immediately. He would neither suffer me to take away my trees and plants, nor allow me anything for them. His view, I found, was to put in a favourite of his own, and set him up at my expense. I remonstrated against this cruel injustice, but could obtain nothing, except hard words. As I saw it would be the ruin of me to be turned out in that manner, I

determined, rather hastily, to go up to London and plead my cause with my new lord. I took a sorrowful leave of my family, and walking to the next market-town, I got a place on the outside of the stage-coach. When we were within thirty or forty miles of London, the coachman overturned the carriage, and I was pitched directly on my head, and taken up senseless. Nobody knew anything about me, so I was carried to the next village, where the overseer had me taken to the parish workhouse. Here I lay a fortnight, before I came to my senses. As soon as I became sensible of my condition, I was almost distracted in thinking of the distress my poor wife must be under on my account, not hearing anything of me. I lay another fortnight before I was fit to travel; for, besides the hurt on my head, I had broken my collar-bone and received several bruises. My money had somehow all got out of my pocket, and I had no other means of getting away than by being passed to my own parish. I returned in sad plight indeed, and found my wife very ill in bed. My children were crying, and almost starving. We should now have been quite lost, had I not raised a little money by selling our furniture; for I was yet unable to work. As soon as my wife was somewhat recovered, we were forced to quit our house. I cried like a child on leaving my blooming garden and flourishing plantations, and was almost tempted to demolish them, rather than another should unjustly reap the fruit of my labours. But I checked myself, and I am glad I did. We took lodgings in a neighbouring village; and I went round among the gentlemen of the country, to see if I could get a little employment. In the meantime, the former steward came down to settle accounts with his successor, and was much concerned to find me in such a condition. He was a very

able and honest man, and had been engaged by another nobleman to superintend a large improvable estate in a distant part of the kingdom. He told me, if I would try my fortune with him once more, he would endeavour to procure me a new settlement. I had nothing to lose, and therefore was willing enough to run any hazard ; but I was destitute of means to convey my family to such a distance. My good friend, who was much provoked at the injustice of the new steward, said so much to him, that he brought him to make me an allowance for my garden ; and with that I was enabled to make another removal. It was to the place I now inhabit.

When I came here, all this farm was a naked common. My lord got an enclosure bill for his part of it, and the steward divided it into different farms, and let it on improving leases to several tenants. A dreary spot, to be sure, it looked at first, enough to sink a man's heart to sit down upon it. I had a little unfinished cottage given me to live in ; and as I had nothing to stock a farm, I was for some years employed as head labourer and planter about the new enclosures. By very hard working and saving, together with a little help, I was at length enabled to take a small part of the ground I now occupy. I had various discouragements, from bad seasons and other accidents. One year the distemper carried off four out of seven cows that I kept ; another year I lost two of my best horses. A high wind once almost entirely destroyed an orchard I had just planted, and blew down my biggest barn. But I was too much used to misfortunes to be easily disheartened : and my way always was, to set about repairing them in the best manner I could, and leave the rest to Heaven. This method seems to have answered at last. I have now gone on many years in a course of continued prosperity, adding

field to field, increasing my stock, and bringing up a numerous family with credit. My dear wife, who was my faithful partner through so much distress, continues to share my prosperous state ; and few couples in the kingdom, I believe, have more cause to be thankful for their lot than ourselves.

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### THE BRAVE DOG GELEERT.

THE spearman heard the bugle sound,  
And cheerly smiled the morn,  
And many a brach and many a hound,  
Attend Lewellyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,  
And gave a louder cheer—  
“Come, Gelert, why art thou the last  
Lewellyn's horn to hear ?

“Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam,  
The flower of all his race :  
So true, so brave—a lamb at home,  
A lion in the chase ? ”

’Twas only at Lewellyn's board  
The faithful Gelert fed ;  
He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,  
And sentinelled his bed.

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,  
The gift of royal John ;  
But now no Gelert could be found,  
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as over rocks and dells  
The gallant chidings rise,  
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells  
With many mingled cries.

That day Lewellyn little loved  
The chase of hart or hare ;  
And scant and small the booty proved,  
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Lewellyn homeward hied ;  
When near the royal seat,  
His truant Gelert he espied,  
Bounding his lord to greet.

But, when he gained his castle door,  
Aghast the chieftain stood ;  
The hound was smeared with gouts of gore,  
His lips and fangs ran blood.

Lewellyn gazed with wild surprise,  
Unused such looks to greet,  
His favourite checked his joyful guise,  
And crouched, and licked his feet.

Onward, in haste, Lewellyn passed,  
And on went Gelert too,  
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,  
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'turned his infant's bed he found,  
The blood-stained cover rent ;  
And all around the walls and ground  
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied ;  
He searched with terror wild ;  
Blood, blood he found on every side,  
But nowhere found the child.

“ Hell-hound ! by thee my child ’s devoured,”  
The frantic father cried,  
And to the hilt the vengeful sword  
He plunged in Gelert’s side.

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,  
No pity could impart ;  
But still his Gelert’s dying yell  
Passed heavy o’er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert’s dying yell,  
Some slumberer wakened nigh :  
What words the parent’s joy can tell  
To hear his infant’s cry ?

Concealed beneath a mingled heap  
His hurried search had missed,  
All glowing from his rosy sleep,  
His cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scratch had he, nor harm nor dread,  
But the same couch beneath,  
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead,  
Tremendous still in death !

Ah, what was then Lewellyn’s pain !  
For now the truth was clear ;  
The gallant hound the wolf had slain,  
To save Lewellyn’s heir.

Vain, vain was all Lewellyn's woe ;—  
    "Best of thy kind, adieu !  
The frantic deed which laid thee low,  
    This heart shall ever rue."

And now a gallant tomb they raise  
    With costly sculpture decked,  
And marble storied with his praise  
    Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass,  
    Or forester, unmoved ;  
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass  
    Lewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear,  
    And oft, as evening fell,  
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear  
    Poor Gelert's dying yell.

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,  
    And cease the storm to brave,  
The consecrated spot shall hold  
    The name of Gelert's grave.

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## THE RICH AND THE POOR (*A Fairy Tale*).

IN the time of the fairies, things went on no better than they do at present. John Hopkins, a poor labourer, who had a large family of children to support upon very scanty

wages, applied to a fairy for assistance. "Here am I half starving," said he, "while my landlord rides about in a fine carriage; his children are pampered with the most dainty fare, and even his servants are bedizened with gaudy liveries: in a word, rich men, by their extravagance, deprive us poor men of bread. In order to gratify *them* with luxuries, *we* are debarred almost the necessities of life."—"Tis a pitiable case, honest friend," replied the Fairy; "but I am ready to do all in my power to assist you and your distressed friends. Shall I, by a stroke of my wand, destroy all the handsome equipages, fine clothes, and dainty dishes, which offend you?"—"Since you are so very obliging," said honest John, in the joy of his heart, "it would perhaps be better to destroy all luxuries whatever: for if you confine yourself to those you mention, the rich would soon have recourse to others; and it will scarcely cost you more than an additional stroke of the wand to do the business outright, and get rid of the evil, root and branch."

No sooner said than done. The good-natured Fairy waved her all-powerful wand, and, wonderful to behold, the superb mansion of the landlord shrunk beneath its stroke, and was reduced to a humble thatched cottage. The gay colours and delicate textures of the apparel of its inmates faded and thickened, and were transformed into the most ordinary clothing; the green-house plants sprouted out into cabbages, and the pinery produced potatoes. A similar change took place in the stables and coach-house: the elegant landau was seen varying in form, and enlarging in dimensions, till it became a waggon; while the smart gig shrank and thickened into a plough. The manes of the horses grew coarse and shaggy, their coats lost all brilliancy and softness, and their legs became

thick and clumsy : in a word, they were adapted to the new vehicles they were henceforward to draw.

Honest John was profuse in his thanks, but the Fairy stopped him short. "Return to me at the end of the week," said she ; "it will be time enough for you to express your gratitude when you can judge how much reason you have to be obliged to me."

Delighted with his success, and eager to communicate the happy tidings to his wife and family, John returned home. "I shall no longer," said he to himself, "be disgusted with the contrast of the rich and the poor : what *they* lose must be *our* gain, and we shall see whether things will now go on in a different manner." His wife, however, did not receive him with equal satisfaction ; for, on having gone to dress herself (it being Sunday) in her best gown, she beheld it changed to a homely stuff : and her china tea-pot, given her by her landlord's wife, and on which she set no small store, was converted into crockery ware !

She came with a woeful countenance to communicate these sad tidings to her husband. John hemmed and hawed, and at length wisely determined to keep his own counsel, instead of boasting of being the author of the changes which had taken place. Presently his little boy came in crying. "What ails you, Tommy?" said the father, half pettishly, and somewhat suspecting that he might have caused his tears also. "Why, daddy," replied the urchin, "as I was playing at battledore with Dick, the shuttlecock flew away and was lost, and the battledores turned into two dry sticks, good for nothing but to be burned."—"Pshaw!" cried the father, who was beginning to doubt whether he had not done a foolish thing. In order to take time to turn over the subject in his mind,

and console himself for his disappointment, he called for his pipe. The goodwife ran to fetch it, when lo and behold! the pipes were all dissolved; there was pipe-clay in plenty, but no means of smoking. Poor John could not refrain from an oath, and, in order to pacify him, his wife kindly offered him a pinch of snuff. He took the box: it felt light, and his mind misgave him as he tapped it. It was with too much cause; for, on opening it, he found it empty! At length, being alone, he gave vent to his vexation and disappointment. "I was a fool," cried he, "not to desire the Fairy to meddle with the luxuries of the rich only. God knows, we have so few, that it is very hard we should be deprived of them. I will return to her at the end of the week, and beg her to make an exception in our favour." This thought consoled him for a while; but, long before the end of the week, poor John had abundance of cause to repent of all he had done. His brother Richard, who was engaged in a silk-manufactory, was, with all the other weavers, turned out of work. The silk had disappeared; the manufacturers, with ruin staring them in the face, had sent their workmen out upon the wide world. Poor John, conscience-stricken, received his starving brother into his house. "You will see great changes for the better soon," said he, "and get plenty of work."—"Where and how?" cried Richard. But that was more than John could say.

Soon after, Jack, his eldest son, returned home from the coachmaker with whom he worked; all the carriages being changed into waggons, carts, and ploughs. "But why not remain with your master, and work at the carts instead of the coaches?" said his father. "Nay, but he would not keep me, he had no work for me; he had more carts and waggons than he could dispose of for many a day. The

farmers, he said, had more than they wanted, and the cartwright business was at an end, as well as coachmaking."

John sighed ; indeed, he well-nigh groaned with compunction. "It is, however, fortunate for me," said he, "that I earn my livelihood as a labourer in the fields. Corn and hay, thank God ! are not luxuries ; and I, at least, shall not be thrown out of work."

In a few days, however, the landlord, on whose estate he worked, walked into the cottage. John did not immediately know him, so much was his appearance altered by a bobwig, a russet suit of clothes, and worsted stockings. "John," said he, "you are an honest, hard-working man, and I should be sorry you should come to distress. Here are a couple of guineas, to help you on till you can find some new employment, for I have no further occasion for your services." John's countenance, which had brightened up at the sight of the gold, now fell most heavily. He half suspected that his landlord had discovered the author of all the mischief (for he could no longer conceal from himself that such the change really was); and he muttered, that "he hoped he had not offended his honour."—"Do not *honour* me: we are all now, methinks, peasants alike. I have the good fortune, however, to retain my land, since that is not a luxury ; but the farm is so much larger than, in my present style of living, I have any occasion for, that I mean to turn the greater part of it into a sheep-walk, or let it remain uncultivated."—"Bless your honour, that would be a sad pity ! such fine meadows, and such corn ! But cannot you sell your produce, as before ? for corn and hay are not luxuries."—"True," replied the landlord, "but I am now living on the produce of less than half my estate ; and why take the

trouble to cultivate more ? for since there are no luxuries to purchase, I want no more money than to pay my labourers, and buy the homely clothes I and my family are now obliged to wear. Half the produce of my land will be quite sufficient for these purposes."

Poor John was now reduced to despair. The cries of distress from people thrown out of work, everywhere assailed his ears. He knew not where to hide his shame and mortification till the eventful week had expired ; when he hastened to the Fairy, threw himself on his knees, and implored her to reverse the fatal decree, and to bring back things to what they had been before. The light wand once more waved in the air, but in a direction opposite to that in which it had moved before ; and immediately the stately mansion rose from the lowly cottage ; the heavy teams began to prance and snort, and shook their clumsy harness till they became elegant trappings : but, most of all, was it delightful to see the turned-off workmen running to their looms and their spindles ; the young girls and old women enchanted to regain possession of their lost lace-cushions, on which they depended for a livelihood ; and everything offering a prospect of wealth and happiness compared to the week of misery through which they had passed.

John grew wise by this lesson ; and, whenever any one complained of the hardness of the times, and laid it to the score of the expenses of the rich, took upon him to prove that the poor were gainers, not losers, by luxuries ; and when argument failed to convince his hearers, he related his wonderful tale. One night at the public house, Bob Scarecrow, who was one of the listeners, cried out, " Ay, it is all fine talk, folks being turned out of work if there were no luxuries ; but for his part he knew it, to his cost, that he at least lost *his* livelihood because his master spent his

all in luxuries. The young lord whom he served as game-keeper set no bounds to his extravagance, until he had not a farthing left: and then his huntsmen, his hounds, his gamekeeper, and his laced livery servants, were all sent off together! Now, I should be glad to know, honest John," added Bob, "whether *we* lost our places because there was too much luxury or too little?" John felt that there was some truth in what Bob said; but he was unwilling to give up the point. At length a bright thought struck him, and he triumphantly exclaimed, "Too *few*, Bob! why, don't you see that as long as your master spent his money too freely in luxuries, you kept your places, and when he was ruined and spent no more, you were turned off."

Bob, who was a sharp fellow, saw the weakness of John's argument, and replied, "That it was neither more nor less than a quibble; for," said he, "suppose that every man of substance were to spend his all and come to ruin, a pretty plight we poor folks should be in; and you can't deny, that if the rich lived with prudence, and spent only what they could afford, they would continue to keep us in employment." John felt convinced; and he was above disowning it. "I grant you," said he, "that there may be too much luxury as well as too little, as was the case with your young lord. But then you must allow, that if a man don't spend more than he can afford—that is, if he don't injure *himself*, *we* have no reason to complain of his luxuries, whatever they may be, because they give us work, and that not for a short time, after which we are turned off, as was your case, but regularly and for a continuance."

John now went home, satisfied that the expenses of the rich could not harm the poor, unless the expenses first injured the rich themselves. No bad safeguard, thought

he ; and as he trudged on, pondering it in his mind, he came to this conclusion :—

“Why then, after all, the rich and the poor have but one and the same interest—that is very strange ! I always thought they had been as wide apart as the east is from the west ! But now I am convinced that the comforts of the poor are derived from the riches of the rich.”

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## CRUSOE'S ACCOUNT OF HIS SHIPWRECK ON THE DESERT ISLAND.

THE same day that I went on board, we set sail, and had very good weather, only very hot, until we had passed the line ; when the wind settled into the north-east, and blew in such a terrible manner that, for twelve days together, we could do nothing but drive ; and, scudding away before the wind, we let it carry us wherever fate and the fury of the tempest should direct. During these twelve days, I need not say, that I expected every moment to be swallowed up ; and no one in the ship expected to be saved.

We were still in this distress, and the wind was still blowing very hard, when, early one morning, one of our men cried out, “Land !” and we had no sooner run out of our cabin, in the hopes of seeing whereabouts in the world we were, than the ship struck upon a sandbank, and in a moment, her motion being stopped, the sea broke over her in such a manner, that we all expected to perish immediately ; and we were even driven into close quarters to shelter ourselves from the foam and spray of the sea.

It is not easy for any one, who has not been in a like condition, to describe or conceive the consternation of men

in such circumstances. We knew nothing of where we were, or upon what land we were driven—whether an island or the mainland, whether inhabited or not : and as the rage of the wind was still great, though rather less than at first, we could not so much as hope to have the ship hold together many minutes, without breaking in pieces, unless the wind, by a kind of miracle, should turn immediately about. In a word, we sat looking one upon another, and expecting death every moment ; but, to our comfort, and contrary to our expectation, the ship did not break up yet, and the master thought that the wind was beginning to abate.

But even though the wind did abate a little, yet the ship, having thus struck upon the sand, stuck too fast for us to hope to get her off again ; and we were, therefore, in a dreadful condition, and had nothing to do, but to think how to save our lives in the best manner we could. We had a boat at our stern just before the storm ; but she was staved in by dashing against the ship's rudder, and afterwards she broke away, and either sunk or was driven off to sea. We had another boat on board ; but how to get her off into the sea we hardly knew. However, there was no time for debate, for we fancied the ship would break in pieces every minute, and some even said that she was actually broken already. In this distress, the mate of our vessel laid hold of the boat, and, with the help of the men, got her flung over the ship's side : and getting all into her, we let go, and committed ourselves, being eleven in number, to the mercy of God and the wild sea.

And now our case was very dismal indeed ; for we all saw plainly that the sea went so high that the boat could not escape, and that we should be inevitably drowned. As to making sail, we had none ; nor, if we had, could we

have done anything with it: so we worked at the oar, and rowed towards the land, though with heavy hearts, like men going to execution; for we all knew, that when the boat came near the shore, she would be dashed into a thousand pieces.

After we had rowed, or rather been driven, about a league and a half, as we reckoned it, a raging wave, mountain-high, came rolling astern of us, and took us with such a fury, that it upset the boat at once, and separated us as well from the boat as from one another, for we were all swallowed up in a moment.

Nothing can describe the confusion of thought which I felt, when I sank into the water: for, though I swam very well, yet I could not deliver myself from the waves so as to draw breath; until at last, the wave, having driven me, or rather carried me, a vast way on towards the shore, and, having spent itself, went back, and left me upon the land almost dry, but half dead from the water which I had swallowed. I had so much presence of mind, as well as breath left, that, seeing myself nearer the mainland than I expected, I got upon my feet, and endeavoured to make towards the shore as fast as I could, before another wave should take me up again. But I soon found it was impossible to avoid it; for I saw the sea coming after me as high as a great hill, and as furious as an enemy, which I had no means or strength to contend with. My only chance was to hold my breath, and raise myself upon the water if I could; and so, by swimming, to pilot myself towards the shore, if possible; but I was in great fear lest the wave, as it would carry me a great way towards the shore when it came on, should also carry me back again with it when it returned towards the sea.

The wave came on, and buried me again twenty or thirty

feet deep in its own body, and I could feel myself carried, with a mighty force and swiftness, a very great way towards the shore ; but I held my breath, and assisted myself to swim forward with all my might. I was just ready to burst with holding my breath, when I felt myself rising up, and to my great relief found my head and hands shoot out above the surface of the water ; and though it was not two seconds of time that I could keep myself so, yet it relieved me greatly, and gave me breath and new courage. I was covered again with water for a good while, but I managed to hold out ; and finding the wave had spent itself, and was beginning to return, I struck forward, and felt ground again under my feet. I stood still a few moments to recover breath, until the water went from me, and then I took to my heels, and ran with what strength I had left farther towards the shore. But even this did not deliver me from the fury of the sea, which came pouring in after me again, and twice more I was lifted up by the waves and carried forwards as before, the shore being extremely flat.

The last time of all was nearly fatal to me ; for the sea, having hurried me along as before, landed me, or rather dashed me, against a piece of rock, with such force that it left me senseless and quite helpless as to my own deliverance ; for, as I struck this rock with my side and breast, my breath was, as it were, quite beaten out of my body, and had the wave returned again immediately, I must have been choked by the water. But I recovered a little before its return ; and, seeing that I should be again covered with the water, I resolved to hold fast by a piece of the rock, and so to hold my breath, if possible, till the wave went back. And as the waves were not now so high as at first, being near the shore, I kept my hold till the

wave abated, and then made another run, which brought me so near the shore, that the next wave, though it went over me, did not swallow me up, so as to carry me away ; and the next run I took brought me to the mainland, where, to my comfort, I clambered up the cliffs of the shore, and sat me down upon the grass, free from danger, and quite beyond reach of the water.

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## THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

.. Now ponder well, you parents dear,  
These words which I shall write ;

A doleful story you shall hear,  
In time brought forth to light.

A gentleman of good account  
In Norfolk dwelt of late,

Who did in honour far surmount  
Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die ;

No help his life could save ;

His wife by him as sick did lie,

And both possessed one grave.

No love between these two was lost,

Each was to other kind ;

In love they lived, in love they died,

And left two babes behind.

The one, a fine and pretty boy,

Not passing three years old ;

The other, a girl more young than he,

And framed in beauty's mould.

The father left his little son,  
As plainly doth appear,  
When he to perfect age should come,  
Three hundred pounds a year ;

And to his little daughter Jane,  
Five hundred pounds in gold,  
To be paid on her marriage-day,  
Which might not be controlled :  
But if the children chanced to die,  
Ere they to age should come,  
Their uncle should possess their wealth—  
For so the will did run.

“Now, brother,” said the dying man,  
“Look to my children dear ;  
Be good unto my boy and girl,  
No friends else have they here :  
To God and you I recommend  
My children dear this day ;  
But little while, be sure, we have  
Within this world to stay.

“You must be father and mother both,  
And uncle all in one ;  
God knows what will become of them,  
When I am dead and gone.”  
With that bespake their mother dear,  
“O brother kind,” quoth she,  
“You are the man must bring our babes  
To wealth or misery.

“ And if you keep them carefully,  
Then God will you reward ;  
But if you otherwise should deal,  
God will your deeds regard.”  
With lips as cold as any stone,  
They kissed their children small :  
“ God bless you both, my children dear ! ”  
With that their tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake  
To this sick couple there :  
“ The keeping of your little ones,  
Sweet sister, do not fear.  
God never prosper me nor mine,  
Nor aught else that I have,  
If I do wrong your children dear  
When you are laid in grave.”

The parents being dead and gone,  
The children home he takes,  
And brings them straight unto his house,  
Where much of them he makes.  
He had not kept these pretty babes  
A twelvemonth and a day,  
But, for their wealth, he did devise  
To make them both away.

He bargained with two ruffians strong,  
Which were of furious mood,  
That they should take these children young  
And slay them in a wood.

He told his wife an artful tale,  
He would the children send  
To be brought up in fair London,  
With one that was his friend.

Away then went those pretty babes,  
Rejoicing at that tide—  
Rejoicing with a merry mind,  
They should on cock-horse ride.  
They prate and prattle pleasantly,  
As they ride on the way,  
To those that should their butchers be,  
And work their lives' decay.

So that the pretty speech they had,  
Made murder's heart relent :  
And they that undertook the deed,  
Full sore did now repent.  
Yet one of them, more hard of heart,  
Did vow to do his charge,  
Because the wretch that hired him,  
Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,  
So here they fall to strife ;  
With one another they did fight  
About the children's life :  
And he that was of milder mood,  
Did slay the other there,  
Within an unfrequented wood :  
The babes did quake for fear !

He took the children by the hand,  
Tears standing in their eye,  
And bade them straightway follow him,  
And look they did not cry ;  
And two long miles he led them on,  
While they for food complain :  
“ Stay here,” quoth he, “ I ’ll bring you bread,  
When I come back again.”

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,  
Went wandering up and down ;  
But never more could see the man  
Approaching from the town :  
Their pretty lips with blackberries  
Were all besmeared and dyed,  
And when they saw the darksome night,  
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wandered these poor innocents  
Till death did end their grief,  
In one another’s arms they died,  
As wanting due relief.  
No burial this pretty pair  
Of any man receives,  
But Robin Redbreast piously  
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God  
Upon their uncle fell ;  
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,  
His conscience felt a hell :

His barns were fired, his goods consumed,  
His lands were barren made,  
His cattle died within the field,  
And nothing with him stayed.

And in the voyage to Portugal  
Two of his sons did die ;  
And, to conclude, himself was brought  
To want and misery.  
He pawned and mortgaged all his land  
Ere seven years came about,  
And now at length this wicked act  
Did by this means come out :

The fellow that did take in hand  
These children for to kill,  
Was for a robbery judged to die ;  
Such was God's blessed will.  
Who did confess the very truth  
As here hath been displayed ;  
Their uncle having died in gaol,  
Where he for debt was laid.

You that executors be made,  
And overseers eke,  
Of children that be fatherless,  
And infants mild and meek ;  
Take you example by this thing,  
And yield to each his right,  
Lest God with such like misery  
You wicked minds requite.

## THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.

AN old clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen, without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was astir, suddenly stopped. Upon this, the dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm,—the hands made an ineffectual effort to continue their course, the wheels remained motionless with surprise, the weights hung speechless, and each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry into the cause of the stop; when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice, protested their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who thus spoke:—

“I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage, and I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking.” Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged, that it was on the very point of *striking*. “Lazy wire!” exclaimed the dial-plate. “As to that,” replied the pendulum; “it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me,—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness,—you, who have had nothing to do all the days of your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and wag backwards and forwards, year after year, as I do.”—“Why,” said the dial, “is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?”—“For all that,” resumed the pendulum, “although there is a

window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life ; and, if you please, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. This morning, I happened to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course only of the next four-and-twenty hours,—perhaps some of you above there can give me the exact sum." The minute-hand, being *quick at figures*, instantly replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times."—"Exactly so," replied the pendulum ; "well, I appeal to you all, if the very thought of this was not enough to fatigue one ;—and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder, if I felt discouraged at the prospect ; so after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself—I'll stop !"

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue ; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied :—

"Dear Mr Pendulum, I am really astonished, that such a useful industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this suggestion. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time,—so have we all, and are likely to do,—and though this may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is, Will it fatigue us to *do* ? Would you now do me the favour to give about half-a-dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument ?" The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace. "Now," resumed the dial, "was that exertion fatiguing to you ?"—"Not in the least," replied the pendulum : "it is not of *six* strokes that I complain, nor of *sixty*, but of *millions*."—"Very good," replied the dial ; "but recollect, that although you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to *execute* but one ; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to

swing in.”—“That consideration staggers me, I confess,” said the pendulum. “Then I hope,” added the dial-plate, “we shall all immediately return to our duty, for the maids will lie in bed till noon, if we stand idling thus.”

Upon this the weights, who had never been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed ; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to swing, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever ; while a beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen-shutter, shining full upon the dial-plate, made it brighten up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast, he declared, upon looking at the clock, that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

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## KING LEAR.

IN days of old, it is said, there was an aged king of Britain, whose name was Lear, and whose family consisted of three daughters : Goneril, married to the Duke of Albany ; Regan, wife of the Duke of Cornwall ; and Cordelia, the youngest, for whose hand both the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy were suitors, and they were staying for that reason at the old King's court.

This poor old King—a man over fourscore—was so worn out with age and the fatigues of government, that he determined to take no further part in state affairs, but to leave them altogether in younger hands ; he, therefore, sent for his three daughters, and bade them declare to him, with their own lips, which loved him best, that he might divide his dominions among them as they deserved.

Then Goneril, the eldest, declared that she loved her father more than words could express ; that he was dearer to her than the light of her own eyes, dearer than life and liberty ; and added many more such empty professions, which it is easy to counterfeit where there is no real love.

King Lear was delighted to hear from her mouth such assurances of her love ; and, in a fit of fatherly affection, he bestowed upon her and her husband one-third of his extensive kingdom.

Then he called his second daughter, and similarly required of her an expression of her affection for him. Regan, who was made of the same hollow metal as her sister, was not a whit behind her in her professions ; but rather outbade her, and declared that what Goneril had spoken came far short of expressing her own affection ; for she protested that she found all other joys dead in comparison with the pleasure which she took in the happiness and favour of the dear king, her father. Lear blessed himself at having such loving children, as he thought them, and could not do less than bestow upon her also, and her husband, a third of his kingdom.

Then, turning to his youngest daughter, Cordelia, whom he called his joy, he asked what she had to say about her affection, thinking that she would certainly gladden his ears with as loving speeches as her sisters. But Cordelia was disgusted with her sisters' flattery, for their hearts, she knew, did not agree with their lips ; and, seeing that all their coaxing speeches were only intended to wheedle the old King out of his dominions, in order that they and their husbands might reign during his lifetime, she made no other reply but this, " I love your Majesty according to my duty, neither more nor less."

The King was shocked at this appearance of ingratitude in his favourite child, and desired her to reconsider her words, lest they should mar her fortunes. Cordelia then declared that she recognised him as the father who had begotten her, and brought her up, and had always loved her; and that she, in return, would always honour, love, and obey him, with all proper duty; but that she could not frame her mouth to utter such fine speeches as her sisters had made, or promise to love nothing else in the world but him. "Why," she asked, "did her sisters marry, if they had no love for any one but their father?" If she should ever wed, she was sure, she said, that the lord to whom she gave her hand would expect at least half of her affections, half of her care and duty.

Cordelia, who really loved her father almost as extravagantly as her sisters pretended to do, would, no doubt, if asked, have told him so at any other time; but, after the crafty flattering speeches of her sisters, and the disgrace they had brought upon all spoken professions of affection, she thought the most fitting course for her to take, was to *love and be silent*.

This plainness of speech, however, which Lear called pride, so enraged the old monarch,—who in the best of times was hasty in temper, and whose old age had so clouded his reason, as to render him unable to distinguish truth from flattery,—that, in a fury of resentment, he gave away the remaining part of his kingdom, which he had reserved for her, dividing it equally between her two sisters. He then called their two husbands, the Dukes of Albany and Cornwall, and in presence of all his court, invested them with the whole power and revenue of the state, only retaining to himself the name of King, and stipulating that he himself, with a hundred knights for his attendants, should be

maintained, by monthly course, at each of their palaces in turn.

This hasty disposal of his kingdom, so little prompted by reason, and so much by passion, filled all his courtiers with astonishment and sorrow ; but the only one who had courage to remonstrate was the Earl of Kent, who, as he began to speak a good word for Cordelia, was by the passionate King commanded, on pain of death, into instant silence. Good Kent, however, was not to be repelled. He had always been loyal to Lear, whom he had honoured as a king, loved as a father, and followed as a master ; and he now besought him that he would listen to his advice, as he had often done before in many weighty matters, and change his rash purpose ; for, he added, he would answer for it with his life, that Lear's youngest daughter did not love him with least affection.

The honest freedom of this good earl only stirred up the King's wrath the more, and, like a frantic patient who kills his physician, he ordered this true servant to quit the kingdom on the sixth day thereafter, allowing him only five days between to make his preparations for departure, and threatening that if, on the tenth day following, his hated person should be found within the realm of Britain, it would be with forfeiture of life.

After this, the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy were called in to hear the decision of King Lear about his youngest daughter, and were asked to say whether they would persist in their courtship, now that she was under her father's displeasure, and had no fortune but her own person to recommend her ? The Duke of Burgundy at once declined the match ; but the King of France, understanding well the nature of the fault, which had lost her her father's love—that it was only because she was not able

to frame her mouth to flattery like her sisters—took the young princess by the hand ; and, after protesting that her virtues were a richer dowry than a kingdom, bade Cordelia take farewell of her father and her sisters, and go with him to France, queen of his own heart, and joint sovereign of his fair kingdom.

Then Cordelia, with weeping eyes, took leave of them all, and besought her sisters to love their father tenderly, and make good their professions of devotion towards him. But scarcely was Cordelia gone, when the dispositions of her sisters began to show themselves in their true colours.

Even before the expiration of the first month, which Lear was to spend with his eldest daughter, Goneril, the old King was fated to find out the difference between promises and performances, for this wicked daughter, having now got from her father all that he had to bestow, began to grudge him even the small retinue which he had stipulated to retain as a relic of royalty. She could not bear to see him with his hundred knights ; and every time she met her father, she put on a frowning countenance ; and when he wanted to speak with her, she would feign sickness ; so that it was plain she esteemed the care of his old age a heavy burden, and the maintenance of his attendants a useless expense. And not only did she herself neglect her duty to the King, her father ; but, after her example, and it is to be feared, not without her private instructions, her very servants treated him with disrespect, and would either refuse to obey his orders, or pretend that they did not hear them. Lear could not but perceive this alteration in the behaviour of his daughter ; but still he shut his eyes to it, as long as he possibly could.

In the meantime, the good Earl of Kent, concealed

in the disguise of a serving man, offered himself in that capacity to the King, who, being pleased with his plainness of speech and open manners, took him into his service, under the name of Caius, never suspecting him to be his once great favourite, the high and mighty Earl of Kent. Caius soon found occasion to show his fidelity and love to his royal master ; for Goneril's steward, that same day, behaving in a disrespectful manner to the King, and giving him saucy looks and language, Caius, unable to restrain himself, indignantly tripped up his heels, and laid the unmannerly clown upon the ground ; a friendly service for which Lear became greatly attached to him.

The coldness and the falling off of respect which Lear had begun to perceive, were not, however, all that this fond and foolish father was to suffer from his unworthy daughter. She now plainly told him, that his staying in her palace was inconvenient, so long as he insisted upon keeping up his establishment of an hundred knights. Moreover, she said such an establishment was useless and expensive, and only served to fill her court with riot and ravening ; he ought, therefore, to content himself with a smaller train, and men besorting better his own advanced years.

Lear could not at first believe what he saw and heard, nor that it was his daughter who spoke so unkindly. He could not believe that she, who had received a crown from him, could desire to see his train reduced, or grudge him the respect due to his rank and age. But when she persisted in her undutiful demand, the old man's rage was so unbounded, he called her a detestable kite ; and, remembering he had another daughter, he ordered his horses to be instantly saddled, and set out with his followers for the abode of Regan. On his way he thought much of his youngest

child Cordelia, and when he compared her small offence with the unnatural conduct of her sister, the old King could not refrain from tears.

In the meantime, Regan and her husband were holding court at their palace with much pomp and state ; so the King despatched his servant Caius with letters to his daughter, that she might prepare for his reception, while he himself followed slowly with his train of attendants. But the crafty Goneril had been beforehand with him, and had already sent letters also to Regan, accusing her father of waywardness and ill-humour, and advising her sister not to receive so great a train as he was bringing with him. Her messenger reached the palace at the same time with Caius, and he was no other than his old enemy the steward, whom he had before tripped up for his saucy conduct to the King, his master. Caius did not like this fellow's looks, and suspecting what he had come for, at once challenged him to fight ; and when the steward, in a cowardly way refused to do so, Caius, in a fit of honest passion, seized him by the collar and beat him soundly. This created so great a disturbance, that Regan and her husband came to see what was the cause of it ; and, although Caius was a messenger from the King, for his insolent conduct they ordered him to be put into the stocks,—a most disgraceful punishment. And when the King himself soon afterwards arrived, they declared that they were tired out by a long journey which they had just made, and refused to see him.

He, however, insisted with such determination and warmth upon seeing them, that at last they made their appearance, and in their company was Goneril, who had come in all haste to try and set her sister against the King, her father. At sight of her the King waxed very indignant,

and he asked her whether she was not ashamed to look at his white and aged beard. Regan, however, advised him to go home again with Goneril, recommending him at the same time to ask forgiveness of her for his ill temper, and to dismiss half of his attendants ; for, she said, he was old, and had too little discretion, and needed to be ruled and guided by persons who had more of it than himself. Whereupon the King with passion protested that rather than return to Goneril with half his train cut off, he could as soon be induced to go over to France, and there beg a wretched pension of him who had married his youngest daughter without a portion.

He soon found that he was mistaken in expecting kinder treatment from Regan than he had experienced from her sister Goneril ; for, as if she wished to outdo her sister in unfilial behaviour, she declared that she thought fifty knights too many to wait upon him, and that five-and-twenty would be quite enough. Then Lear, nigh heart-broken, turning to Goneril, proposed to go back with her ; for as fifty doubled twenty-five, so her love must be twice as strong as Regan's. But Goneril now excused herself, and said, What need of so many as five-and-twenty ? or even ten ? or five ? as her own servants, or her sister's servants, were sufficient to wait upon him. Thus these two wicked daughters, whilst they strove to surpass each other in cruelty to their aged father, who had been so kind and generous to them, wished to deprive him of all outward respect, and strip him of every badge by which to show that he had once been king.

Whilst Lear continued vainly to threaten, the night came on with a loud storm of thunder and lightning, together with heavy rain ; and as his daughters still persisted in their refusal to admit any of his followers, he called for

his horses, and chose rather to brave the utmost fury of the storm abroad, than to stay under the same roof with these ungrateful and cruel women. The winds had risen high, and the rain and storm increased, when the poor old King sallied forth to combat with the elements, which, he declared, were less sharp and bitter to him than the unkindness of his daughters. For many miles round there was scarcely a bush to afford him shelter ; and there, upon an open heath, and exposed to all the fury of the storm, did King Lear wander about in the dark night, defying the winds and the thunder, and bidding them blow the earth into the sea, or else swell the waves of the sea until they drowned the earth, that no token might be left of so ungrateful a world. The old King was now left without any companion but a poor fool, or jester, whom he had formerly maintained in his palace for the amusement of his court, and who still remained faithfully with him, and strove to keep up his spirits by his merry jests and songs.

This was all the following this once great monarch could boast of, when he was found by his ever faithful servant Caius, the good Earl of Kent, who had at last escaped from the stocks ; and sad was he to perceive that the old King's mind had become crazed under the sorrows and horrors of that night. Therefore, with the assistance of some few of the King's attendants, who still continued loyal to him, he removed his royal master to the castle of Dover, in Kent, and left him there in the hands of his own friends, whilst he embarked for France, and hastened to the court of Queen Cordelia.

There he represented, in such moving language, the sad condition of her royal father, and showed, in such lively colours, the inhuman conduct of her sisters to him, that this good and loving daughter, with many tears, besought

the King, her husband, to give her leave to embark for England, with an army sufficient to subdue these cruel daughters and their husbands, and restore the old King, her father, to his throne.

The King of France readily acceded to the request of his loving wife, and she set forth with a royal army, and landed at Dover.

A tender sight it was to see the meeting of father and daughter; to see the struggles between the joy of this poor old King at beholding again his darling child, and his shame at receiving such filial kindness from her whom he had cast off for an offence so trifling. By the care of his friends his reason had become partially restored, but this interview almost overcame him, and he fell at the knees of his child and begged her pardon. But she, good lady, knelt down herself to ask his blessing, and told him that it did not become him to kneel to her, but her to him, for she was his child, his true and still loving child Cordelia. And she kissed him, to kiss away, as she said, all her sisters' unkindness, and told her father that she had come from France on purpose to bring him assistance, and restore him to his throne.

And this was easily done, for as soon as the old King was out of sight, Goneril and Regan had quarrelled for the kingdom, and one of their husbands had been slain in battle; and Goneril, after poisoning her sister Regan, soon afterwards put an end to her own life also. And thus the justice of Heaven overtook these wicked daughters.

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## JOHN GILPIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen  
Of credit and renown,  
A train-band Captain eke was he  
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,  
"Though wedded we have been  
These twice ten tedious years, yet we  
No holiday have seen ;

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,  
And we will then repair  
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,  
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,  
Myself, and children three,  
Will fill the chaise : so you must ride  
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, " I do admire  
Of woman-kind but one,  
And you are she, my dearest dear ;  
Therefore it shall be done.

" I am a linen-draper bold,  
As all the world doth know,  
And my good friend the calender  
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs Gilpin, "That 's well said;  
And for that wine is dear,  
We will be furnished with our own,  
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife ;  
O'erjoyed was he to find,  
That though on pleasure she was bent,  
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,  
But yet was not allowed  
To drive up to the door, lest all  
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,  
Where they did all get in ;  
Six precious souls, and all agog  
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,  
Were never folks so glad ;  
The stones did rattle underneath,  
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side  
Seized fast the flowing mane,  
And up he got, in haste to ride,  
But soon came down again ;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,  
His journey to begin,  
When, turning round his head, he saw  
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,  
Although it grieved him sore,  
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,  
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers  
Were suited to their mind,  
When Betty screaming came down-stairs,  
"The wine is left behind !"

"Good lack !" quoth he, "yet bring it me,  
My leathern belt likewise,  
In which I bear my trusty sword,  
When I do exercise."

Now Mrs Gilpin—careful soul !—  
Had two stone-bottles found,  
To hold the liquor that she loved,  
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,  
Through which the belt he drew,  
And hung a bottle on each side,  
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be  
Equipped from top to toe,  
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,  
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again  
Upon his nimble steed,  
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,  
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road  
Beneath his well-shod feet,  
The snorting beast began to trot,  
Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,  
But John he cried in vain :  
That trot became a gallop soon,  
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must  
Who cannot sit upright,  
He grasped the mane with both his hands,  
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort  
Had handled been before,  
What thing upon his back had got  
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought ;  
Away went hat and wig :  
He little dreamt when he set out  
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,  
Like streamer long and gay,  
Till, loop and buttons failing both,  
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern  
The bottles he had slung ;  
A bottle swinging at each side,  
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,  
Up flew the windows all ;  
And every soul cried out, " Well done ! "  
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he ?  
His fame soon spread around.  
" He carries weight ! he rides a race !  
'Tis for a thousand pound ! "

And still, as fast as he drew near,  
'Twas wonderful to view,  
How in a trice the turnpike-men  
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down  
His reeking head full low,  
The bottles twain behind his back  
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,  
Most piteous to be seen,  
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke  
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,  
With leathern girdle braced,  
For all might see the bottle-necks  
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington  
These gambols he did play,  
Until he came unto the Wash  
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the Wash about  
On both sides of the way,  
Just like unto a trundling mop,  
Or a wild-goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife  
From the balcony spied  
Her tender husband, wondering much  
To see how he did ride.

“Stop, stop, John Gilpin !—Here ’s the house,”  
They all aloud did cry ;  
“The dinner waits, and we are tired.”  
Said Gilpin—“So am I !”

But yet his horse was not a whit  
Inclined to tarry there ;  
For why ?—his owner had a house  
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So, like an arrow swift, he flew,  
Shot by an archer strong ;  
So did he fly—which brings me to  
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,  
And sore against his will,  
Till at his friend the calender’s  
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see  
His neighbour in such trim,  
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,  
And thus accosted him :

“What news ? what news ? your tidings tell ;  
Tell me you must, and shall—  
Say why bareheaded you are come,  
Or why you come at all ?”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,  
And loved a timely joke ;  
And thus unto the calender  
In merry guise he spoke :

“I came because your horse would come ;  
And, if I well forebode,  
My hat and wig will soon be here—  
They are upon the road.”

The calender, right glad to find  
His friend in merry pin,  
Returned him not a single word,  
But to the house went in ;

Whence straight he came, with hat and wig—  
A wig that flowed behind,  
A hat not much the worse for wear,  
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn  
Thus showed his ready wit,  
“My head is twice as big as yours,  
They therefore needs must fit.

“But let me scrape the dirt away,  
That hangs upon your face :  
And stop and eat, for well you may  
Be in a hungry case.”

Said John, "It is my wedding-day,  
And all the world would stare,  
If wife should dine at Edmonton,  
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,  
"I am in haste to dine ;  
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,  
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast !  
For which he paid full dear ;  
For, while he spake, a braying ass  
Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he  
Had heard a lion roar,  
And galloped off with all his might,  
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went Gilpin's hat and wig :  
He lost them sooner than at first,  
For why ? they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw  
Her husband posting down  
Into the country far away,  
She pulled out half-a-crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said  
That drove them to the Bell,  
"This shall be yours when you bring back  
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet  
John coming back amain :  
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,  
By catching at his rein ;

But not performing what he meant,  
And gladly would have done,  
The frightened steed he frightened more,  
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went post-boy at his heels,  
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss  
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,  
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,  
With post-boy scampering in the rear,  
They raised the hue and cry :

“Stop thief ! stop thief !—a highwayman !”  
Not one of them was mute ;  
And all and each that passed that way  
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again  
Flew open in short space ;  
The toll-men thinking as before,  
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,  
For he got first to town ;  
Nor stopped till where he had got up  
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the King,  
And Gilpin, long live he ;  
And when he next doth ride abroad,  
May I be there to see !

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## NOTES OF A VISIT TO ORANGE- GARDENS IN THE AZORES.

I ACCOMPANIED Senhor B—— to several of his orange-gardens in the town (St Michael's). Many of the trees in one garden were a hundred years old, and still bore plentifully a highly-prized, thin-skinned orange, full of juice and free from pips. The thinness of the rind of a St Michael orange, and its freedom from pips, depend on the age of the tree. The young trees, when in full vigour, bear fruit with a thick rind and an abundance of seeds ; but as the plant grows old and its vigour declines, the peel becomes thinner, and the seeds gradually fewer, until they disappear altogether. Thus the oranges which we esteem most are the produce of barren trees, and those we consider the least palatable come from plants in full vigour.

Our friend was increasing the number of his trees by layers, that is, by bending a branch down and planting it in the ground without detaching it. These layers usually take root at the end of two years ; when they are cut off from the parent stem, and are already vigorous young trees four feet high. The process of raising the tree from seed is seldom, if ever, adopted in the Azores, on account of the very slow growth of the trees so raised. Such plants, however, are far less liable to the inroads of a worm which attacks the roots of the trees raised from layers, and frequently destroys many of them. The seed, or pip, of the

acid orange, which we call Seville, with the sweeter kind grafted upon it, is said to produce fruit of the finest flavour. In one small garden eight trees were pointed out, which had borne, for two years in succession, a crop of oranges which was sold for thirty pounds. . . .

The treatment of orange-trees in Fayal (another of the Azores) differs from that in St Michael's, where, after they are planted out, they are allowed to grow as they please. In Fayal, I have seen the branches, by means of strings and pegs fixed in the ground, stretched away all round from the centre in the shape of a cup, or of the ribs of an open umbrella turned upside down. This allows the sun to penetrate to the heart of the tree, exposes the branches to a free circulation of air, and is said to be of use in ripening the fruit. Certain it is, anyhow, that oranges are exported from Fayal several weeks earlier than they are from St Michael's; and as this cannot be ascribed to greater warmth of climate, it may possibly be owing to the plan of spreading the trees to the sun. To shield the trees from the winds, the gardens are built all round with high walls, and the trees themselves planted among rows of firs and other trees. If it were not for these precautions, the oranges would be blown down in such numbers as to interfere with, if not swallow up, the profits of the gardens; none of the windfalls, or ground-fruit, as the merchants here call them, being fit for exportation to England, the great market for their sale. . . .

Suddenly we came upon merry groups of men and boys, all busily engaged in packing oranges in a square and open plot of ground. They were gathered round a goodly pile of the fresh fruit, sitting on heaps of the dry sheath-leaves of the Indian corn, in which each orange is separately wrapped, before it is placed and packed with the rest in

the boxes. Attached to these circles of laughing Azoreans, who sat at their work and kept up a continual cross-fire of sharp, witty remark and rejoinder, were parties of children, whose business it was to prepare the husks for the men to use in packing. These children, who, too, were playing at their work, like the children of larger growth beside them, were with much difficulty kept in order by an elderly man, who shook his head, and a long stick to boot, whenever they flagged or idled. . . .

A quantity of leaves being heaped together near the packers, the operation began. A child handed to a workman, who squatted by the heap of fruit, a prepared husk: this was rapidly snatched from the child, wrapped round the orange by an intermediate workman, passed by the feeder to the next, who, sitting with the chest between his legs, placed it in the orange-box with amazing rapidity; took a second, and a third, and a fourth, as fast as his hands could move and the feeders could supply him, until at length the chest was filled to overflowing, and was ready to be nailed up. Two men then handed it to the carpenter, who bent over the orange-chest several thin boards, secured them with the willow-band, pressed it with his naked foot as he sawed off the ragged ends of the boards, and finally despatched it to the ass which stood ready for lading. Two chests were slung across his back by means of cords crossed in a figure of eight; both were well secured by straps under his belly; the driver took his goad, pricked his beast, and uttering the never-ending cry "sackaao," trudged off to the town. . . .

The orange-trees in this garden cover the sides of a glen or ravine; they are of some age, and have lost the stiff, clumpy form of the younger trees—

Groves whose rich fruit, burnished with golden rind,  
Hung amiable, and of delicious taste.

In one part scores of children were scattered among the branches, gathering fruit into small baskets, hallooing, laughing, practical-joking, and finally emptying their gatherings into the larger baskets underneath the trees, which, when filled, were slowly borne away to the packing-place, and bowled out upon the great heap. Many large orange-trees on the steep sides of the glen lay on the ground uprooted, either from their load of fruit, the high winds, or the weight of the boys, four, five, and even six of whom will climb the branches at the same time ; and as the soil is very light, and the roots superficial—and the fall of the trees fine fun—down the trees come. They are allowed to lie where they fall ; and those which had evidently fallen years ago were still alive, and bearing good crops.

The oranges are not ripe until March or April, nor are they eaten generally by the people here till that time—the boys, however, that pick them are marked exceptions. The young children of Villafranca are now almost universally of a yellow tint, as if they were saturated with orange-juice.

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### MIGNON'S SONG ; OR, THE SONG OF THE HOME-SICK LITTLE MAID.

Know'st thou the land where the lemon-trees bloom ?  
Where the gold-orange glows in the deep thicket's  
gloom ?

Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,  
And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and rose ?

Know'st thou it ?

Thither ! oh thither,  
My dearest and kindest, with thee would I go.

Know'st thou the house, with its turreted walls,  
Where the chambers are glancing, and vast are the  
halls ?

Where the figures of marble looked on me so mild,  
As if thinking : " Why thus did they use thee, poor  
child ? "

Know'st thou it ?

Thither ! oh thither,  
My guide and my guardian, with thee would I go.

Know'st thou the mountain, its cloud-covered arch,  
Where the mules among mist o'er the wild torrent  
march ?

In the clefts of it, dragons lie coiled with their brood,  
The rent crag rushes down, and above it the flood.  
Know'st thou it ?

Thither ! oh thither,  
Our way leadeth : Father, oh come, let us go !

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## THE THREE GIANTS.

AN emigrant ship was once wrecked on an uninhabited island. And as the poor folks had enough to do to save their lives, and no means of putting to sea again, they brought ashore as much as they could from the wreck, and made up their minds to settle on the island.

In the course of a year, each of the families had built a log-house and laid out a garden. They had also sown

corn, and gathered in a plentiful crop ; but they had much difficulty in turning the corn into flour for bread. Their only resource was to pound it with stones and crush it ; but this took up so much time, and was such a labour, that the settlers, with their families, were put to great straits. As one of them, however, Jobson by name, strolled idly one day over the country, sorely puzzled with, and much revolving, the question of how to convert grain into meal, he came, of a sudden, upon a valley he had never visited before ; and there he saw an enormous giant lying, stretched out his whole length from end to end of the valley. As the farmer stood looking on and lost in wonder, the giant all at once appeared to move, and, turning round, greeted him with a smile, and offered to help him out of his difficulty. "I am ready to work for you," he said, "if you will only teach me ; and as I need no money to buy food, and no time for relaxation, I undertake to be your obedient servant, without holiday and without wages. And to prove to you on the spot my power to help you, and my ready will, you have only to get on my back, and I will carry you home, and save you the trouble of walking. Jobson, being not a little afraid of the giant, was at first rather reluctant to accept this offer ; but thinking it an unmannerly thing not to show as much frankness in accepting the favour as had been done in offering it, he, at length, saddled the giant with some planks of wood, and mounted upon them. The giant started off at a brisk, steady pace, and in a short time landed him safely at the door of his cottage. You may imagine, better than I can describe, the panic into which Dame Jobson and her little household were thrown, when they saw the goodman arrive mounted on the back of such a creature, and with what passionate entreaties the wife besought the monster to

release her husband. "He is as safe as you are," said the giant, quietly, as he restored him to his family; "I only brought him home to assure him of my friendliness, and save him the fatigue of walking;—and now, good woman, if there is anything I can do for you, you have only to command my services."

It was long before these poor people overcame their distrust of the giant; but, by degrees, their confidence in him increased, and they employed him trustfully in all manner of offices. And it is astonishing what a help they got out of him. He supplied them with water for all uses at a moment's notice, and swept away in a trice all the dirt, which had otherwise lain about, infecting the air of their homestead. He brought them logs from the forest, and stones from the quarry; and the energy he showed as he applied his shoulder to the mill-wheel, was, one would have thought, enough to have done the mill-work of a whole community. Jobson, and indeed the whole colony, felt that they could not be too grateful to God for having sent them a servant so strong-backed and so willing-hearted, and one so royal as to require in return, at the hands of his employers, neither board nor lodging.

Every one has seen this friendly giant; and most people have remarked his ready will, his strong arm, and his helpful services. His name is *Flowing-Water*.

The good fortune of Jobson in finding so useful a servant, induced a number of his neighbours to sally forth in the hopes of falling in somewhere with such another. Once, Flowing-Water, when interrogated about his kinsfolk, admitted he had a brother. "But," said he, "he is much too flighty in his notions and movements for my fancy, and, to tell the truth, he is far above my management. However, if you humour him a little, you may persuade him

into obedience, and I even venture to predict you will find him a swift-handed, far-ministering, and faithful servant. But mind you do not cross him, or he may play you mischief."

After a long search this giant too turned up, and Farmer Jackson was the fortunate discoverer. He is not so easy to fall in with, this giant,—for he is as invisible as air, and must be provided with wings to be of any use,—neither do you well know when you have him; and Jackson, when he did descry him, not unnaturally hesitated to address him and bespeak his services. The hope of gain, however, and the need of help, gave him courage; and, to his great joy, when he unfolded his case, the giant expressed his ready willingness to enter his service. This giant's name was *Wind*; and the terms on which he undertook to serve Jackson were, that his master should take him just as he found him, and not attempt to thwart him; and he must not expect him to do work except on an airy situation. "My house is built on the brow of a hill," said Jackson, "and I shall place yours on the summit."—"Well," said the giant, "if you will get me a couple of mill-stones, I will grind you as much corn in one hour as my brother can in two; like him, too, I work without food or wages; but mind I cannot bear confinement, and I work only when I have a mind to it."—"This is not so pliant a servant as I could wish," thought Jackson, "but he is powerful and hearty; so I must try to put up with his temper as well as I can."

Jackson set about building a house for him on the hill to grind corn in; and, in the meantime, Wind took a flight into the valley to visit his brother. He found him creeping along under a heavy load of planks; and, being in a good humour, said, "Come, brother, let me help you; you will never get on at this lazy pace!" So seating himself beside a lad who surmounted the load on his brother's

back, he stretched out his wings, and off they flew as quickly as a bird. When they arrived at their destination, and the wood was unloaded, "Now, brother," said Flowing-Water, "you may help me back again."—"Not I!" replied Wind; "I am going on, straightforward: if you choose to go along with me, well and good; if not, you may make your way back as you best can." Flowing-Water thought this very unkind, and he began to remonstrate; but this only led to a quarrel. Wind flew into a passion, fell to wrestling with his brother, and then, losing all self-command, began to bluster and bellow, and actually foam with rage. At length, Wind left his brother, and flew out of sight; though he was still for a while heard sighing and moaning in the distance. Flowing-Water also murmured loudly at the ill-treatment he had received; but he composed himself by degrees; and, taking the boy on his back, returned slowly homewards.

Jackson inquired eagerly after Wind; and when the boy told him all that had happened, he was much afraid Wind had befooled him, and would never return. Wind, however, came back in the night; and when Jackson went in the morning to set him to work, he found that he had already ground nearly half the corn.

Still, upon the whole, Wind did not prove of such use to the colony as his brother. He would carry his load indeed with astonishing quickness; but then he would always carry it his own way; and you could not depend upon him continuing the route on which he started; he would suddenly change his mind and veer about with the fickleness of a weathercock; besides, when not inclined to work, he would disappear into limbo, and—though you might, as sailors are wont, whistle for him—refuse to return.

The services of these two giants had benefited the colony

so much, that the desire to discover more of them was always uppermost in the people's minds. In reply to their inquiries, Flowing-Water one day said, with a sigh, "I know but of one other giant in this island, and he is a truant son of my own. His mother is not of the water-family, but the fire-spirits; and he has always taken to her relations more kindly than to mine." Watson inquired if he was a powerful workman. "Yes," said his father, "he can do more than I and Wind together; but the difficulty is to clutch hold of and confine him, for he is just the reverse of Wind, he will work only when imprisoned. Then, he differs from both of us by being such an unconscionable eater; only he eats nothing but coals or wood, which he devours burning hot; and the more you give him the better he will work,—only, as I said before, he must be cooped well up, and you must see his prison walls are strong enough."—"But where can we find a prison large enough to enclose a giant?"—"As to that, keep your mind easy," replied Flowing-Water, "he can be squeezed into a very small compass; and the smaller the space in which you confine him, the harder he will work to get out, for he works only with a view to freedom; for he is as fond of liberty as Wind is."

At length, Watson found this third giant,—but in a way and place he little expected. He was one day boiling water in a kettle on the fire, when suddenly the lid flew off, and a figure rose out of the kettle, and escaped through the chimney. This, Watson soon concluded to be the giant he was in quest of, and he thereupon began to consult with himself, and devise what was to be done to prevent his escape and bind him to his service. At length, he stumbled upon a large brass pot with a small aperture, which had been cast aside, and he thought if he tried

experiments with it, he would find a clue to help him out of his difficulty.

Accordingly, next day, the brass vessel was put on a fire, with water in it; and as soon as the water began to boil, *Steam* (for that was the young giant's name) slowly rose out of the boiling water, and tried to escape by the little door. It was not long before Watson, much meditating, perceived that if, by means of pipe, cylinder, and piston, which we have already described, he could catch him at the moment of escape, he would be his master. "We have you now!" shouted Watson, as the idea flashed upon him; "and we shall hold you fast." Steam, being thus fairly captured, soon came to terms with his master, and offered to do almost any sort of work to which he could be set. "Heat is my element," said he; "and if you but keep me scalding hot, I will do what you bid me. I will drive your mills, weave your webs, and do your carrying by land or water, with greater speed and deftness than either father or uncle, or both united." Nor was this an empty boast, but a sober promise, founded on the clearest estimate of his abilities, of the trustworthiness of which the prosperity, not of that colony alone, but every other, is this day witness.

By the help of Water, Wind, and Steam, man has been able to overcome many difficulties otherwise impossible, and the willingness with which they do his bidding is one of the many proofs of man's superiority, which, however, he can only maintain by consulting their mind as well as his own, and doing with them as they *will* do with him.

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## THE HORNED OWL.

In the hollow tree, in the old grey tower,  
The spectral Owl doth dwell ;  
Dull, hated, despised in the sunshine hour,  
But at dusk he 's abroad and well !  
Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him,  
All mock him outright by day ;  
But at night, when the woods grow still and dim,  
The boldest will shrink away.  
Oh ! when the night falls, and roosts the fowl,  
Then, then is the reign of the Horned Owl.

And the Owl hath a bride who is fond and bold,  
And loveth the wood's deep gloom ;  
And with eyes like the shine of the moonstone cold,  
She awaiteth her ghastly groom :  
Not a feather she moves, not a carol she sings,  
As she waits in her tree so still,  
But when her heart heareth his flapping wings  
She hoots out her welcome shrill !  
Oh ! when the moon shines and dogs do howl,  
Then, then is the reign of the Horned Owl.

Mourn not for the Owl, nor his gloomy plight !  
The Owl hath his share of good,  
If a prisoner he be in the broad daylight,  
He is lord in the dark greenwood !  
Nor lonely the bird nor his ghastly mate,  
They are each unto each a pride ;  
Thrice fonder, perhaps, since a strange, dark fate,  
Hath rent them from all beside !

So, when the night falls and dogs do howl,  
Sing, Ho ! for the reign of the Horned Owl !  
    We know not alway  
    Who are kings of day,  
But the king of the night is the bold brown Owl !

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### A LESSON OF FAITH.

"SEE these little eggs of mine," said a Butterfly to a quiet Caterpillar, who was wriggling lumberingly along a cabbage-leaf ; " I don't know how long it will be before they come to life, and I feel very sick and poorly ; and if I should die, who will take care of my baby butterflies ? Will *you*, kind, mild, green Caterpillar ? But you must mind what you give them to eat, Caterpillar !—they cannot, of course, live on *your* rough food. You must give them early dew, and honey from the flowers ; and you must let them fly about only a little way at first ; for, of course, one can't expect them to use their wings properly all at once. Dear me ! it is a sad pity you cannot fly yourself. But I have no time to look for another nurse now ; so you will do your best, I hope. Dear ! dear ! I cannot think what made me come and lay my eggs in a cabbage-leaf ! what a place for young butterflies to be born upon ! Still you will be kind, will you not, to the poor little ones ? Here, take this gold-dust from my wings as a reward. Oh, how dizzy I am ! Caterpillar, you will remember about the food "——

And with these words the Butterfly closed her eyes and died ; and the green Caterpillar, who had not had the opportunity of even saying Yes or No to the request, was left standing alone by the side of the Butterfly's eggs.

"A pretty nurse she has chosen, indeed, poor lady!" exclaimed she, "and a pretty business she has left on my hands! Why, her senses must have left her, or she never would have asked a poor crawling creature like me to bring up her little dainty ones! Much they'll mind me, truly, when they feel the gay wings on their backs, and can fly away beyond my reach whenever they choose! Ah! how silly some people are, in spite of their painted clothes and the gold-dust on their wings."

However, the poor Butterfly was dead, and there lay the eggs on the cabbage-leaf; and the green Caterpillar had a kind heart; so she resolved to do her best. But she got no sleep that night, she was so very anxious. She made her back quite ache with walking all night long round her young charges, for fear any harm should befall them; and in the morning she says to herself—

"Two heads are better than one. I will consult some wise animal upon the matter, and get advice. How should a poor crawling creature like me know what to do without asking my betters?"

But another difficulty remained—whom should the Caterpillar consult? And she thought, and thought, till, at last, she thought of the Lark; and she fancied, as he went up so high, and looked down upon so much, he must be very clever, and know a great deal; for to go up very high (which *she* could never do) was the Caterpillar's ideal of perfect glory.

Now, in the neighbouring corn-field there lived a Lark, and the Caterpillar sent a message to him, to beg him to come and talk to her; and when he came she told him all her difficulties, and asked him what she was to do to feed and rear such delicate little creatures.

"Perhaps you will be able to inquire and hear some-

thing about it next time you go up high," observed the Caterpillar, timidly.

The Lark said, "Perhaps he should;" but he did not satisfy her curiosity any further; and soon afterwards he went singing upwards into the bright blue sky.

"What a time the Lark has been gone!" the Caterpillar exclaimed, impatiently, after a time. "I wonder where he is just now! I would give all my legs to know! He must have flown up higher than usual this time, I do think. How I should like to know where it is that he goes to, and what he hears in that curious blue sky. He always sings in going up and coming down, but he never lets any secret out. He is very, very close!"

At last the Lark's voice began to be heard again. The Caterpillar almost jumped for joy; and it was not long before she saw her friend descend with hushed note to the cabbage-bed.

"News, news, glorious news, friend Caterpillar!" sang the Lark; "but the worst of it is, you won't believe me!"

"I believe everything I am told," observed the Caterpillar, hastily.

"Well, then, first of all, I will tell you what these little creatures are to eat"—and the Lark nodded his beak towards the eggs; "what do you think it is to be? Guess!"

"Dew, and the honey out of flowers, I am afraid," sighed the Caterpillar.

"No such thing, old lady! Something that *you* can get at easily."

"I can get at nothing quite easily but cabbage-leaves," murmured the Caterpillar, in distress.

"Excellent! my good friend," cried the Lark, exultingly; "you have found it out. You are to feed them with cabbage-leaves."

"*Never!*" said the Caterpillar, indignantly. "It was their dying mother's last request that I should do no such thing."

"Their dying mother, knew nothing about the matter," persisted the Lark;—"but why do you ask me, and then disbelieve what I say? You have neither faith nor trust."

"Oh, I believe everything I am told," said the Caterpillar.

"Nay, but you do not," replied the Lark; "you won't believe me even about the food, and yet that is but a beginning of what I have to tell you. Why, Caterpillar, what do you think those little eggs will turn out to be?"

"Butterflies, to be-sure," said the Caterpillar.

"*Caterpillars!*" sang the Lark; "and you'll find it out in time;" and the Lark flew away, for he did not want to stay and contest the point with his friend.

"I thought the Lark had been wise and kind," observed the mild green Caterpillar, once more beginning to walk round the eggs, "but I find that he is foolish and saucy instead. Perhaps he went up *too* high this time. Ah, it's a pity when people who soar so high are silly and rude nevertheless! Dear! I still wonder whom he sees, and what he does up yonder."

"I would tell you, if you would believe me," sang the Lark, descending once more.

"I believe everything I am told," reiterated the Caterpillar, with as grave a face as if it were a fact.

"Then I'll tell you something else," cried the Lark; "for the best of my news remains behind. *You will one day be a butterfly yourself.*"

"Wretched bird!" exclaimed the Caterpillar, "you jest with my inferiority—now you are cruel as well as foolish. Go away! I will ask your advice no more."

"I told you you would not believe me," cried the Lark, nettled in his turn.

"I believe everything that I am told," persisted the Caterpillar; "that is,"—and she hesitated,—"*everything* that it is *reasonable* to believe. But to tell me that butterflies' eggs are caterpillars, and that caterpillars leave off crawling and get wings, and become butterflies!—Lark! you are too wise to believe such nonsense yourself, for you know it is impossible."

"I know no such thing," said the Lark, warmly. "Whether I hover over the corn-fields of earth, or go up into the depths of the sky, I see so many wonderful things, I know no reason why there should not be more. Oh, Caterpillar! it is because you crawl, because you never get beyond your cabbage-leaf, that you call *any* thing *impossible*."

"Nonsense!" shouted the Caterpillar, "I know what's possible, and what's not possible, according to my experience and capacity, as well as you do. Look at my long green body and these endless legs, and then talk to me about having wings and a painted feathery coat! Fool!"——

"And fool you! you would-be-wise Caterpillar!" cried the indignant Lark. "Fool, to attempt to reason about what you cannot understand! Do you not hear how my song swells with rejoicing as I soar upwards to the mysterious wonder-world above? Oh, Caterpillar! what comes to you from thence, receive, as *I* do, upon trust."

"That is what you call"——

"*Faith*," interrupted the Lark.

"How am I to learn Faith?" asked the Caterpillar—

At that moment she felt something at her side. She looked round—eight or ten little green caterpillars were

moving about, and had already made a show of a hole in the cabbage-leaf. They had broken from the Butterfly's eggs!

Shame and amazement filled our green friend's heart, but joy soon followed; for, as the first wonder was possible, the second might be so too. "Teach me your lesson, Lark!" she would say; and the Lark sang to her of the wonders of the earth below, and of the heaven above. And the Caterpillar talked all the rest of her life to her relations of the time when she should be a butterfly.

But none of them believed her. She nevertheless had learnt the Lark's lesson of Faith, and when she was going into her chrysalis grave, she said—"I shall be a butterfly some day!"

But her relations thought her head was wandering, and they said, "Poor thing!"

And when she was a butterfly, and was going to die again, she said—

"I have known many wonders—I have Faith—I can trust even now for what shall come next!"

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## GEORGE NIDIVER.

MEN have done brave deeds,  
And bards have sung them well :  
I of good George Nidiver  
Now the tale will tell.

In Californian mountains  
A hunter bold was he :  
Keen his eye and sure his aim  
As any you should see.

A little Indian boy  
Followed him everywhere,  
Eager to share the hunter's joy,  
The hunter's meal to share.

And when the bird or deer  
Fell by the hunter's skill,  
The boy was always near  
To help with right good-will.

One day as through the cleft  
Between two mountains steep,  
Shut in both right and left,  
Their questing way they keep,

They see two grizzly bears,  
With hunger fierce and fell,  
Rush at them unawares  
Right down the narrow dell.

The boy turned round with screams,  
And ran with terror wild ;  
One of the pair of savage beasts  
Pursued the shrieking child.

The hunter raised his gun,—  
He knew *one* charge was all,—  
And through the boy's pursuing foe  
He sent his only ball.

The other on George Nidiver  
Came on with dreadful pace :  
The hunter stood unarmed,  
And met him face to face.

I say *unarmed* he stood.  
Against those frightful paws  
The rifle butt or club of wood  
Could stand no more than straws.

George Nidiver stood still  
And looked him in the face ;  
The wild beast stopped amazed,  
Then came with slackening pace.

Still firm the hunter stood,  
Although his heart beat high ;  
Again the creature stopped,  
And gazed with wondering eye.

The hunter met his gaze,  
Nor yet an inch gave way ;  
The bear turned slowly round,  
And slowly moved away.

What thoughts were in his mind  
It would be hard to spell :  
What thoughts were in George Nidiver  
I rather guess than tell.

But sure that rifle's aim,  
Swift choice of generous part,  
Showed in its passing gleam  
The depths of a brave heart.

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## THE SOUTH SEA ISLAND QUEEN.

THERE was once a people, inhabiting an island in the southern seas, who were every now and then driven frantic with superstitious fear. This was of an imaginary demon, or goblin, whom they believed to dwell in the heart of a burning mountain on the island, whose growlings, and mutterings, and sputterings of smoke, and fire, and red-hot ashes, they mistook for the anger and displeasure of the Almighty. Every rumbling noise the mountain emitted, and shaking of the earth, with which these noises were frequently accompanied, they regarded as the too certain forebodings of some frightful judgment; and the alarm that possessed them suffused their faces with paleness and their hearts with dismay. Fortunately for them, however, they got a queen who was both a woman of sense and a mother among her people, and had, moreover, been persuaded by some Christian missionaries, who visited the island, to believe that the true God, whom alone it was reasonable to fear, took no pleasure in terrifying, far less destroying, or even hurting, any of His children, but would rather that each and all of them should return from their evil ways, and live. Fearing God, and fearing none other, it keenly grieved her that her people should stand in awe of an object which was as impotent to harm really as to heal, and accordingly, it became the one aim of her life to convince them of their delusion and deliver them from their base and debasing fear. To demonstrate their error, therefore, and convict them of their folly, she one day assembled all her people before her, and thus addressed them :—

“My dear and devoted people, for whom I live, and for

whom, if need be, I am ready to die, ye, like your fathers, are deceiving yourselves to your ruin, and it grieves me to the heart to see it, and say so. That is no god who dwells, as you suppose, in the midst of the burning mountain, but a mere brute force, without sense as without power to do you any real evil, far less with any to pronounce judgment upon you and seal your doom. That is no god—no, but a common burning mountain, and is no other, and not a whit more dreadful, than the fire which warms your huts and cooks your victuals—except that, as you may see and know, it is smouldering under piles of rock masses and earthy rubbish, and panting, reckless of results, to get out and be at liberty, as you would, though more feebly, were you in similar circumstances. It is a creature like yourselves, grumbling under restraint, and blindly struggling, now here, now there, to escape from bondage, and has no evil intent towards you, or any mortal. And to convince you how unreasonable your fears are, I will walk before you, and do ye follow me, to this mountain, and watch the result, while I provoke its ire and test its disposition and power to harm you. I will empty my washpot into it, cast my slipper over it, defy it to the uttermost, and stand the consequences.”

She walked accordingly, this South Sea heroine, her courage nerved to the due pitch, and sustained, no doubt, by her faith in the Christian gospel, her people following her in pale horror and expectancy: she did her experiment;—and it is said they have had truer notions of God in that island ever since.

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## T O - D A Y.

So here hath been dawning  
Another blue day :  
Think wilt thou let it  
Slip useless away.

Out of Eternity  
This new day is born ;  
Into Eternity,  
At night, will return.

Behold it aforetime  
No eye ever did :  
So soon it for ever  
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning  
Another blue day :  
Think wilt thou let it  
Slip useless away.

THE END.



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